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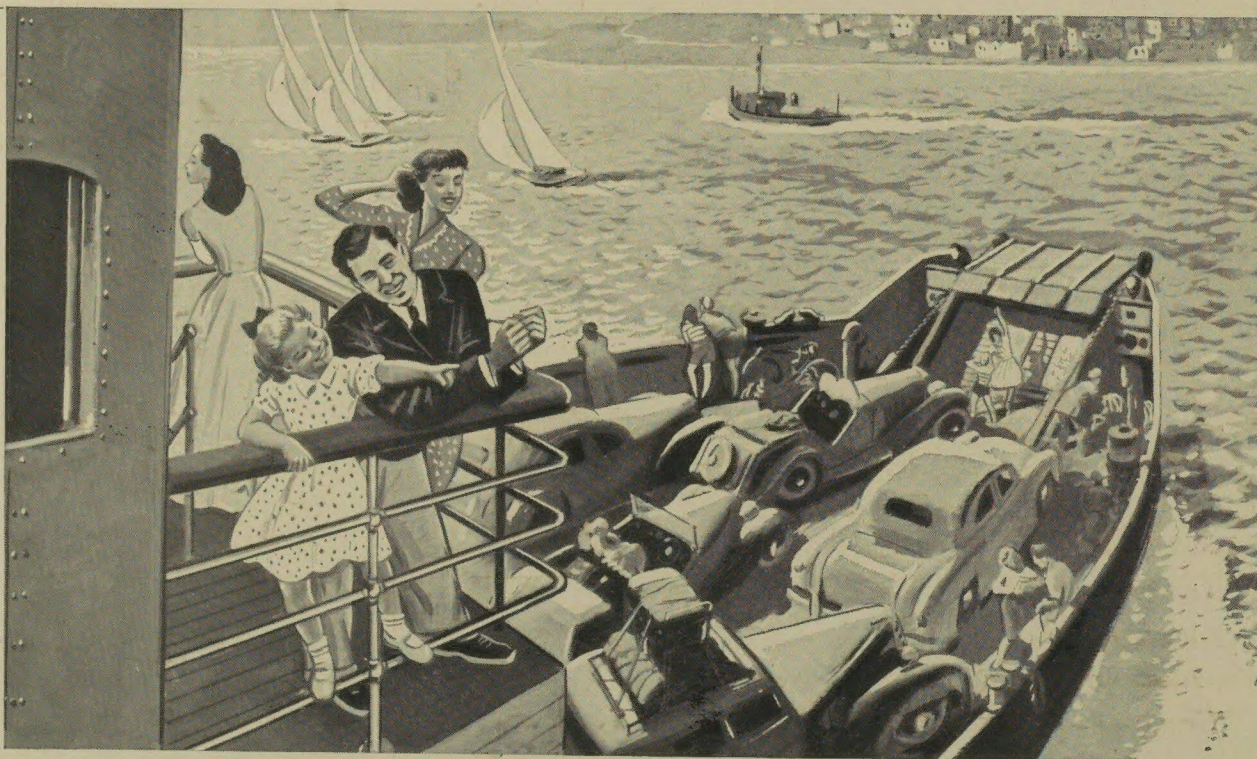
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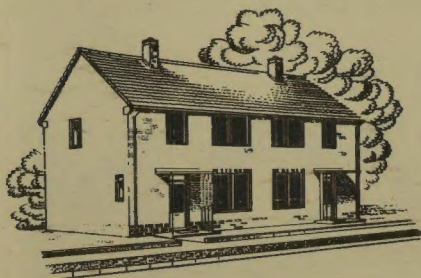
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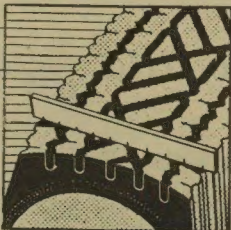
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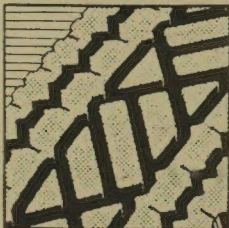
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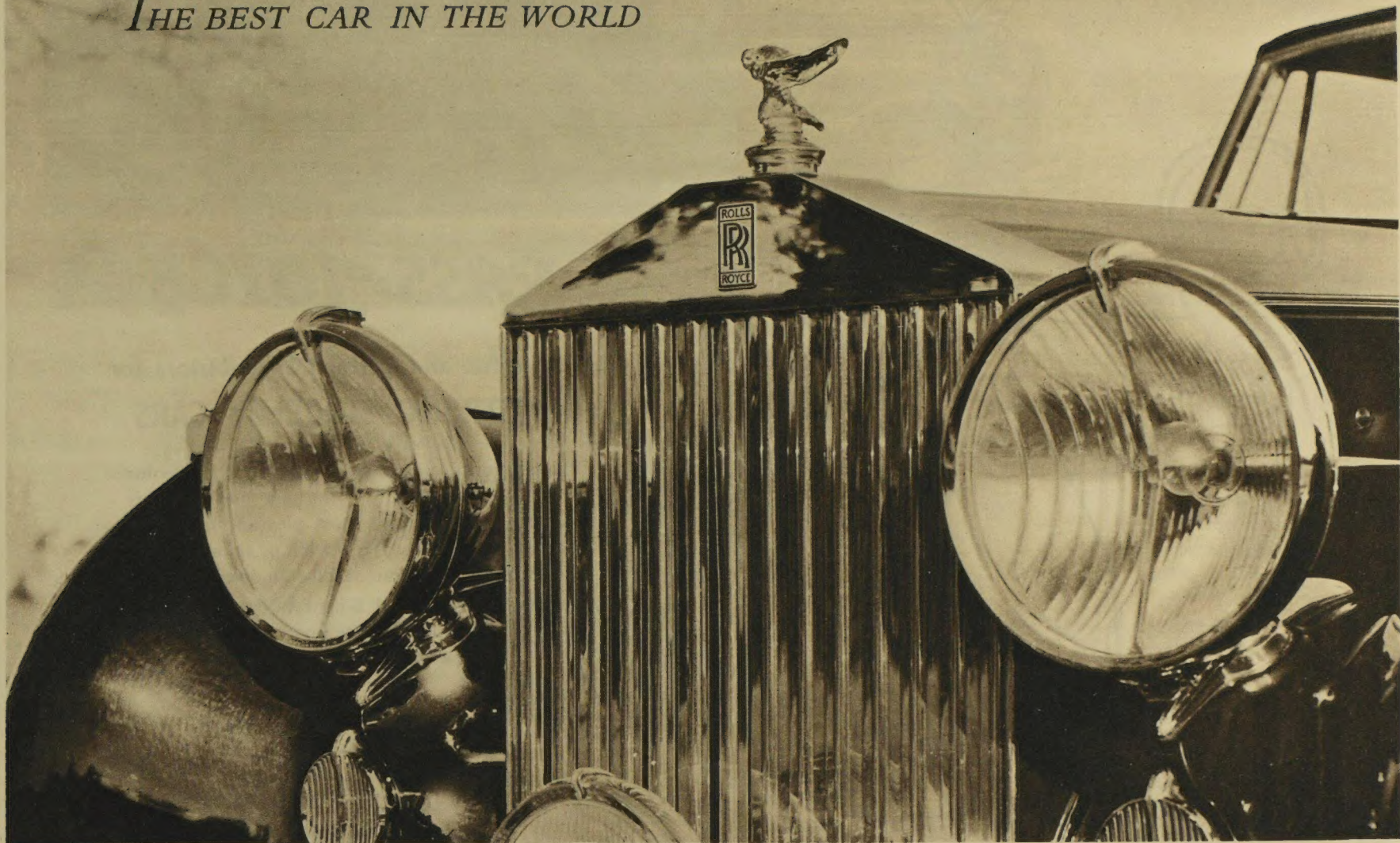
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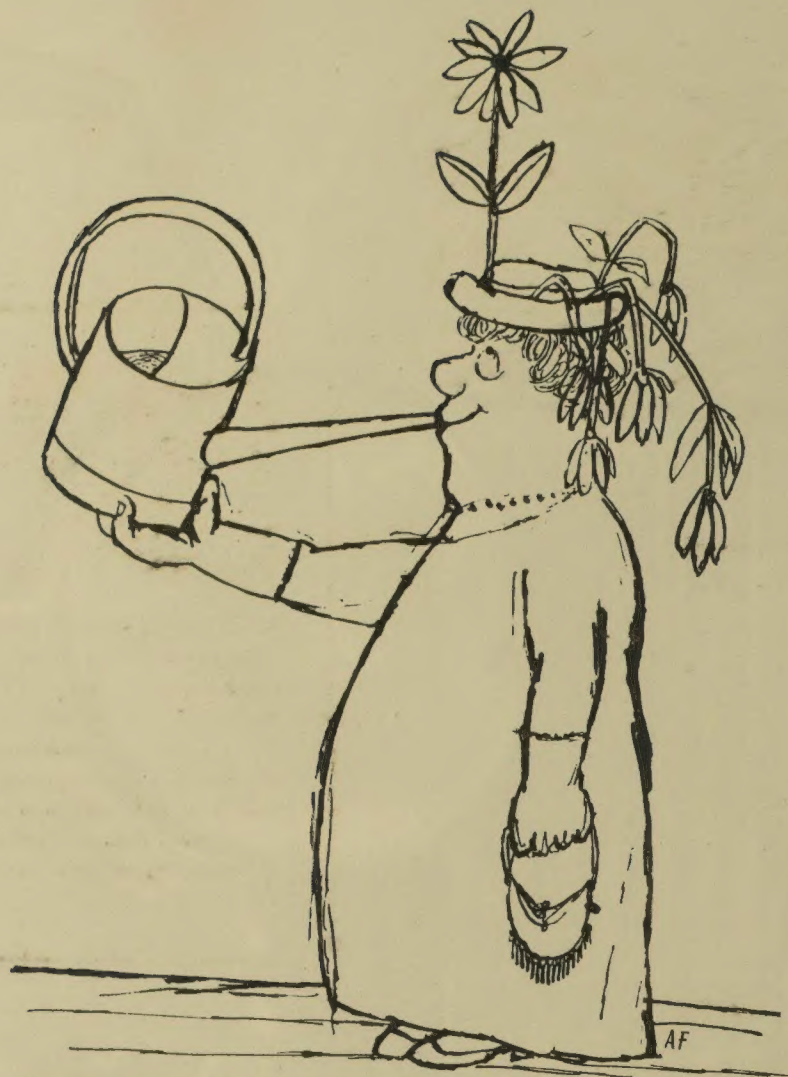
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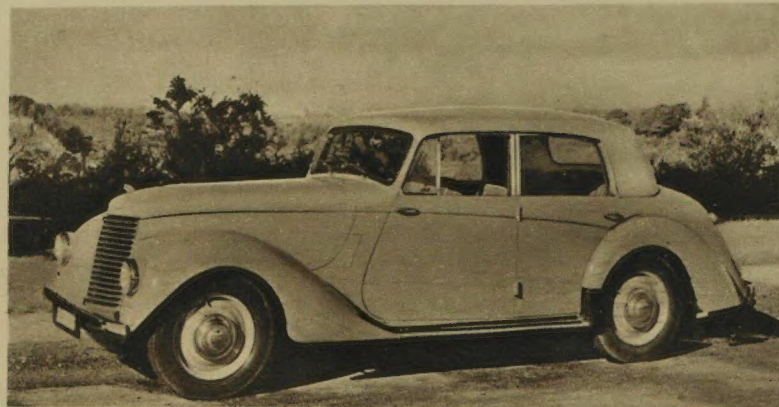
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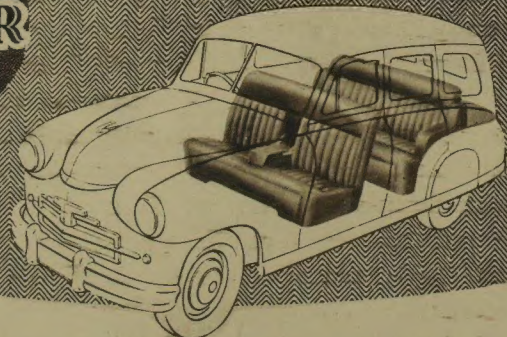
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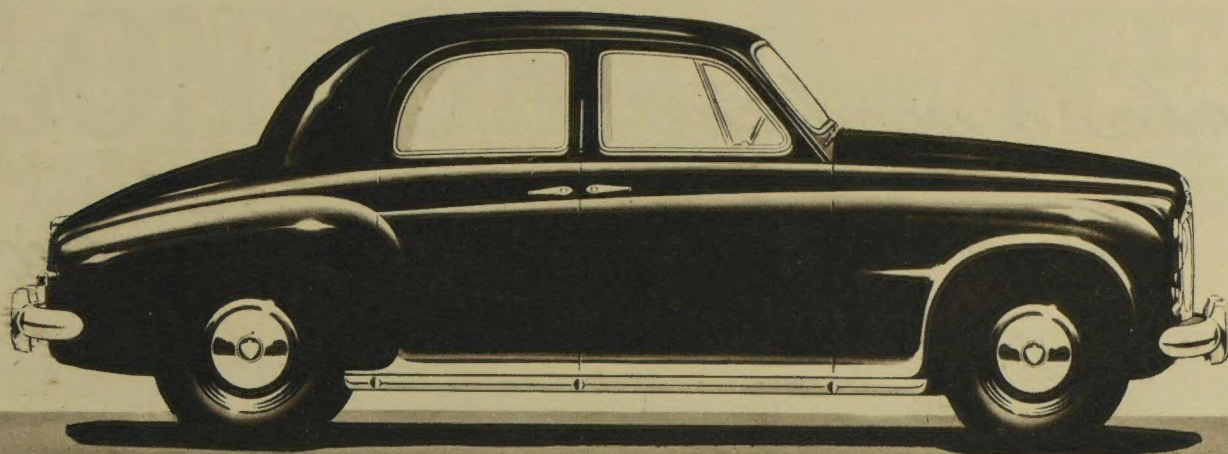
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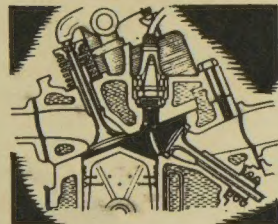


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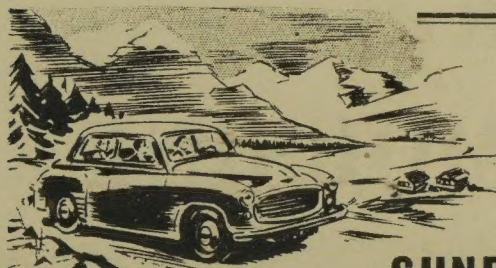


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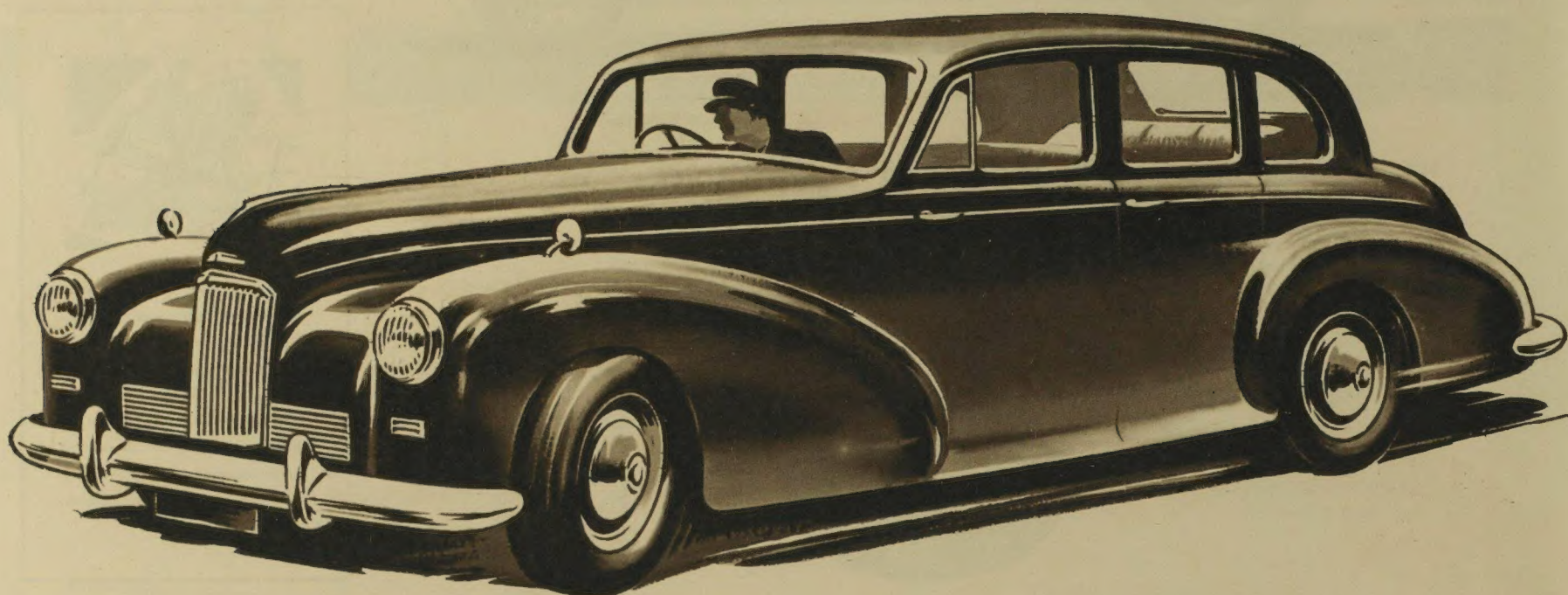
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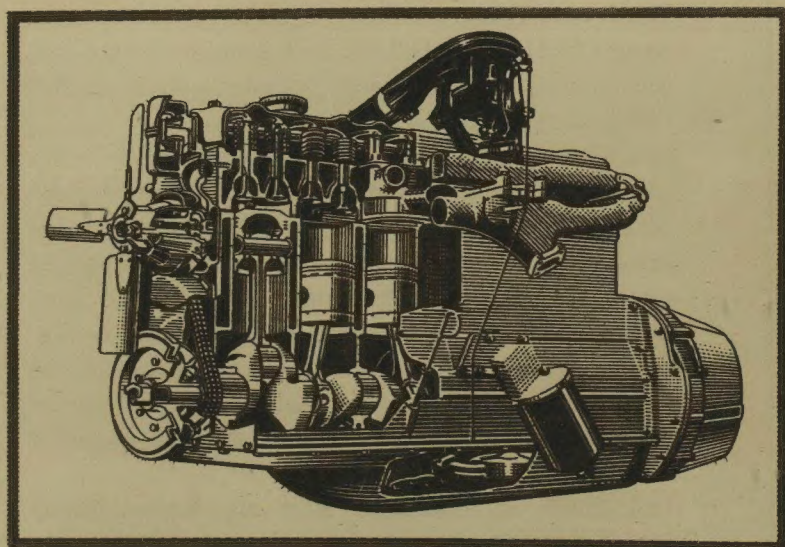


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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1953.



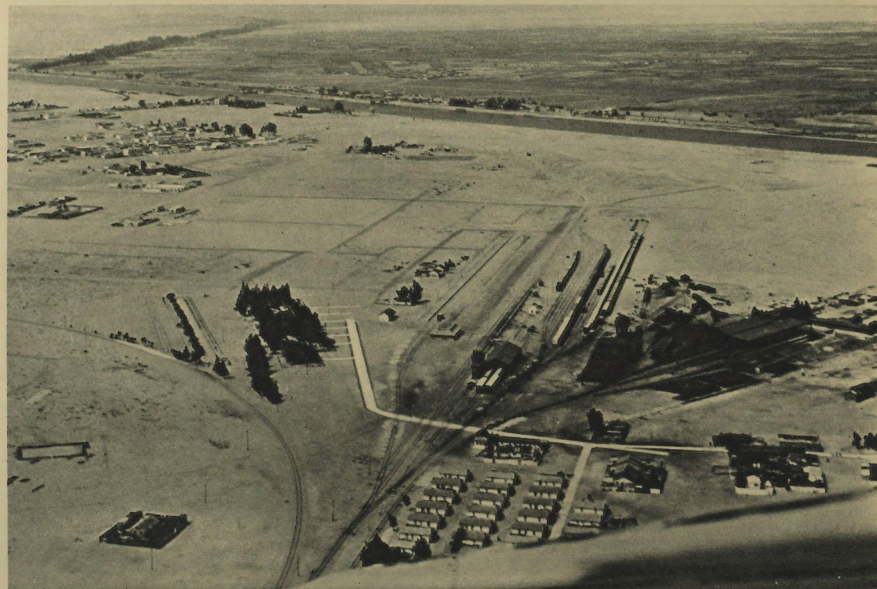
MR. DULLES IN EGYPT: GENERAL NEGUIB, EGYPTIAN PREMIER, LEADING THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE UP THE STAIRCASE AT THE PYRAMIDS REST HOUSE, FOLLOWED BY MR. STASSEN AND MR. CAFFERY, U.S. AMBASSADOR IN CAIRO.

Mr. Dulles' visit to Egypt from May 11-13 occurred at a critical moment in Anglo-Egyptian affairs. After an initial meeting General Neguib affirmed his intransigent attitude to the suspended Suez Canal Zone negotiations; and Mr. Dulles expressed his Government's desire for "phased withdrawal" of foreign troops, but with safeguards for maintaining the base in good order. Mr. Dulles' talks with Dr. Fawzi, the Egyptian Foreign Minister, took place simultaneously (allowing for the difference between London and Cairo time) with Sir Winston

Churchill's statement on Egypt. Later, when he was conversing again with General Neguib, news flashes of the speech were brought to the conference table. When asked if the U.S. would join in negotiations on the Canal Zone, General Neguib expressed his refusal to accept another party (some translations gave the word as "adversary"). Our photograph shows the Egyptian Premier leading the American statesmen up the staircase at the Pyramids Rest House, where he and other officers of the Council of Revolution entertained them at dinner.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY AT ISMAILIA: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING THE BATHING BEACH, WITH ITS HUTS AND SHELTERS, USED BY OFFICIALS.

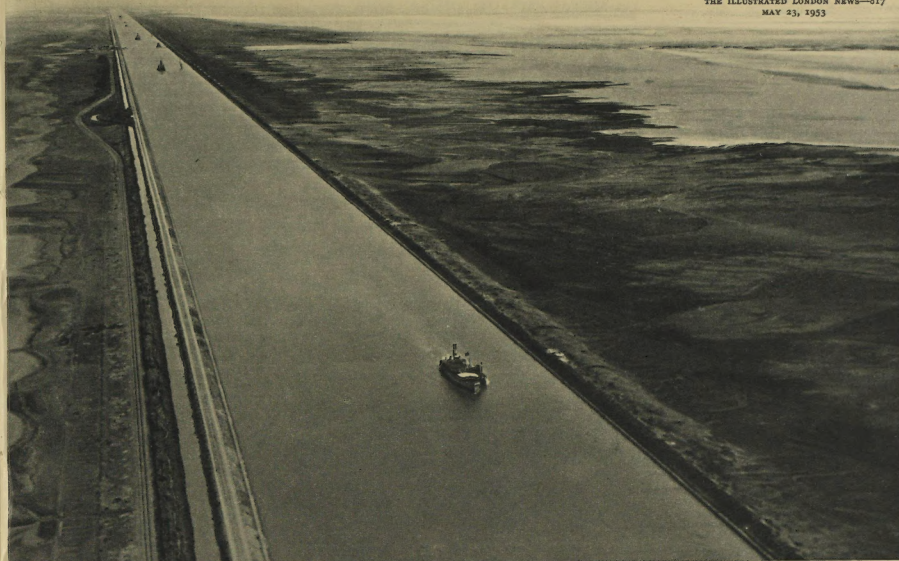


SHOWING THE CANAL IN THE BACKGROUND: A VIEW OF THE RAILHEAD AT KANTARA. IT WAS REPORTED ON MAY 12 THAT BRITISH TROOPS WERE DIGGING TRENCHES NEAR THIS POINT.

THE INTERNATIONAL WATERWAY OF THE SUEZ CANAL: A VITAL COMMUNICATION

Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., in his speech on Foreign Affairs on May 11, pointed out that not only had the duty of safeguarding the interests of the free nations of the Middle East fallen largely on this country and this country alone, but that the task also included the preserving of the international waterway of the Suez Canal. The Canal, which connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, is 103 miles in length, including four miles of approach channels for the harbours, and provides the great communicating link between East and West, and gives to this

country a sea passage to East Africa, Ceylon, Malaya and Australasia very considerably shorter than the journey round the Cape. It is thus of capital importance to the British Commonwealth of Nations. It was opened for navigation on November 17, 1869, and by the Convention of Constantinople of October 29, 1888, the canal is open to vessels of all nations and is free from blockade. It is owned by a French Corporation of which the British Government holds 298,026 shares out of a total of 625,932, and is governed by a board of thirty-two



LOOKING NORTH TOWARDS PORT SAID, THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN: A VIEW OF THE CANAL, WITH SHIPPING STEAMING ALONG IT.



SITUATED AT THE SOUTH END OF THE CANAL, AT THE HEAD OF THE GULF OF SUEZ: A VIEW OF THE BRITISH OIL REFINERY AT SUEZ. THE LENGTH OF THE CANAL IS 103 MILES.

LINK BETWEEN BRITAIN AND COUNTRIES OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS.

International administrators. An agreement between the Egyptian Government and the Suez Canal Company, signed on March 7, 1949, provided for an improvement programme estimated at ££5,000,000, which would take five years to complete; and by the same agreement the whole property reverts to the Egyptian Government at the end of the ninety-nine-year concession in 1968. Our photographs give some idea of the aspect of stretches of this famous Canal, a very great engineering achievement which cost £29,725,000 to carry out. Some banks of the waterway

are planted with palms, and other green plants, but beyond this ribbon of verdure the land is hot, dry and dusty. It was announced on May 12 that consequent on the tense situation between Egypt and Britain on the question of the continued presence of British troops in the Canal Zone, the work of digging trenches had started at several points and certain other precautionary measures had been taken. On May 14 British Commandos began landing at Port Said and the destroyers *Chequers*, *Chieftain* and *Chevron* were expected.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the eternal problems of human governance is that the man who says acceptable things to the powers-that-be is preferred, and that the man who does not is, naturally enough, relegated by them, if not to outer darkness, to a place of obscurity where, at best, he can do neither harm nor good. Yet, owing to the general disposition in humanity to error and inertia, it usually happens that the man who says acceptable things is wrong and that occasionally a man who stands out against the fashion of the hour is profoundly right. Hence the advantage in any political system of having a few men in high place who are in a position to say what they really think and believe, regardless of its conventionality and acceptability. And, as a corollary, the appalling danger in such a system as ours is fast becoming, in which no one dares or is able to say anything but what the majority wants to hear! The more democratic the form of political machinery—and, what is much more to the point, the more egalitarian the society in which it has to operate—the more deadly this danger can become. This is not to say that a democratic machinery of government is in itself an evil; on the contrary, combined with other institutions, it is, as the history of this country shows, an essential ingredient in any political system that is to remain healthy and endure. But to this there is a fundamental proviso: that it must not preclude the presence in society of men willing and able to tell the electorate what, in its natural human laziness and inertia, it does not want to hear. In other words, a democracy must never become so absolute that it becomes a despotic mechanism for eradicating the unpopular. And that, unhappily, is what our prevailing habit of political thought is tending to-day to make it, even in our own strongly-rooted island polity of freedom for diversity, eccentricity and endowed minority opinion. If the present egalitarian trend continues for another two or three generations, the only provision left for the expression of minority opinion will be the official salary of the leader of the Parliamentary Opposition. And by then the *raison d'être* of this will have ceased to exist, for there will no longer be a parliamentary minority. For the parliamentary majority will have ceased to tolerate any such irritant to its own complacency.

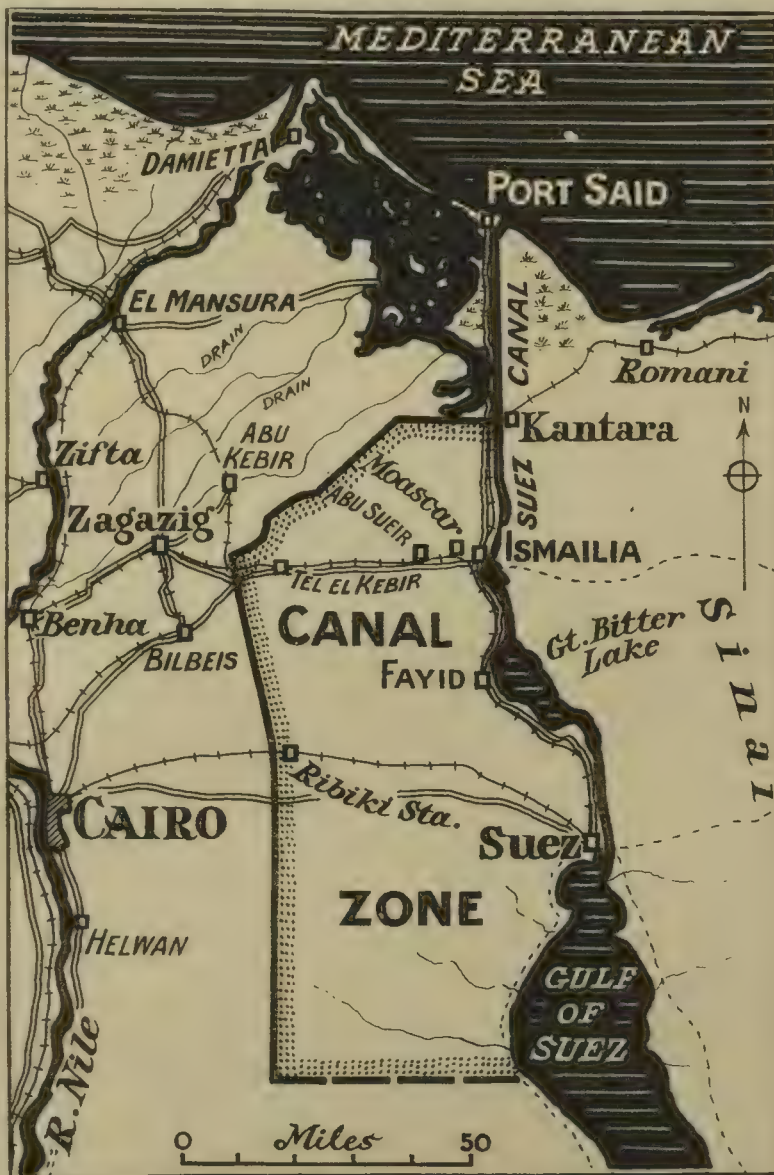
Already we have advanced a tremendous distance towards this unhappy goal. When I was a boy, though a democratic machinery was an essential part of our constitution and manhood suffrage was in sight, the country was rich in men who were able to make their views widely known, even though they shocked and frightened the predominant majority. The opinions, for instance, of Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, Bertrand Russell and H. G. Wells were still those of a distrusted minority. But their holders, men of genius and prophetic power, were able to go on expressing them effectively and loudly because the institutions of their country gave them a privileged position in which to do so. Shaw and Webb were married to rich women of the *rentier* class who gave them economic and social security, the equivalent to which, in our own day of penal and exterminatory taxation, could only be provided by a system of state pensions for endowing those who wished to devote their lives and talents to ridiculing the ideas and assumptions in which those who controlled the State believed! Bertrand Russell was the heir to an earldom; Wells was able, with the fruits of his genius, to endow himself early into complete independence—a thing which no unknown author or publicist can hope to do under the kind of taxation which has prevailed for the past fourteen years. Every day we are coming nearer the condition in which no one but the salaried officials of the omnipotent departmental machines that exist to enforce the will of the majority will be able to express views capable of reaching that majority. Persons who can place before it minority and unacceptable views, and are economically in a position to do so, are rapidly becoming an anachronism. Before long, if the present trend continues, they will have been crushed out of existence. Thereafter no voice will be heard but the metallic and sycophantic mouthpiece of authority saying acceptable things.

This may sound like defeatism and despair. But it is not necessarily so. Political trends, though cumulative, are never automatic; this is not an automatic world. It is a world in which miracles occur and are themselves part of the law of nature. One of those miracles is martyrdom, and martyrdom can effect what unaided reason cannot. A hundred years ago or more Sydney Smith suggested that railway travelling would only become safe when a bishop had been killed in a railway accident; even Sodor and Man, he suggested, would do! Martyrdom, in fact, this rationalistic Anglican saw, was the ultimate purpose of bishops and the *raison d'être* of their benefices and emoluments! The most important thing any Archbishop of Canterbury ever did was to die on his own altar steps. And he did so because he was the kind of man who would, to-day have been regarded as intolerable by any public committee. He made himself what the prevailing responsible opinion of his time regarded as a nuisance. And by dying for his right to be so—though this was only subconsciously his intention—he let fresh air into a closed room.

In one sense—the sense of nineteenth and twentieth century constitutional historians—Becket's self-imposed martyrdom decided little. But it created an emotional content which for nearly four centuries remained almost the most important of any in English life and which helped to form the enduring values of England. And in the long run an emotional content can effect more than any law or constitutional principle. Becket's martyrdom, for instance, created the miracle of the "Canterbury Tales," and all the generations of countless pilgrims riding or tramping through the Kentish countryside—"the holy blissful martyr for to seek"—out of which the "Canterbury Tales" sprang. For it was not the worldly ends for which Becket fought that moved the world. It was the spiritual means with which he fought for them. In the practice of this world the immunity of clerics from lay jurisdiction meant too often the protection from justice of rogues and scoundrels, the right of the clergy to appeal to Rome the submission of disputes, which could have been more expeditiously and justly decided at home, to the processes of bureaucratic procrastination and corruption in a foreign land. But that a man in high place who had notoriously loved, and to excess, the wealth and fine things of the world and enjoyed them in dazzling splendour, should voluntarily renounce them and live in exile and poverty, should mortify his body and at the end return to his native land to brave and suffer a violent death for the sake of a spiritual ideal, was to reveal the power of Christ and enhance the stature and dignity of man. It was to make the spirit seem more important than the flesh—which was to glorify God. It is not easy for a man who has lived fine to subdue the flesh and fast and wear day and night for long years a horse-hair shirt swarming with vermin. It is not easy for a man to travel to danger and death in cold blood and to face unarmed the naked swords of brutal and angry warriors. It is not easy for a proud man to endure insult and seeming defeat. A man who voluntarily chooses these things is, whatever his failings, a great man. He enhances the human estate. In this sense Becket was great—"great," as one of his associates put it, "in truth always and in all

places, great in the palace, great at the altar; great both at court and in the church; great, when going forth on his pilgrimage, great when returning, and singularly great at his journey's end." Historians, who condemn Becket for contending obstinately against administrative measures which were reasonable, sometimes lose sight of this. But Becket's contemporaries who witnessed his martyrdom or heard of it from their children, and went on pilgrimage to kneel on the steps where he died or touch with trembling fingers the bloodstained hems of his garments, saw it very clearly. For all the world's coarse obsessions and stupidity and blindness, the saints and martyrs have the last word. It is their triumph over the frailty of the body that causes man to believe in God and the supremacy of the spirit. It is their blood that leavens the dead weight of human stupidity and inertia and makes the living truth prevail.

THE CANAL ZONE—SUBJECT OF EGYPTIAN DEMANDS.



WHERE A BASE WORTH MANY MILLIONS OF POUNDS, VITAL TO THE DEFENCE OF THE FREE NATIONS OF THE MIDDLE EAST, HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED AT THE EXPENSE OF THIS COUNTRY: THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE.

In his speech on Foreign Affairs in the House of Commons on May 11, Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., referred to the Canal Zone, which Egypt demands that we evacuate, as "the important and very costly base which has been established there wholly at our expense during and after the war." He continued: "Naturally we do not wish to keep indefinitely 80,000 men at a cost of, it might be, over £50,000,000 a year discharging a duty which has largely fallen on us, and us alone, of safeguarding the interests of the free nations of the Middle East and also of preserving the international waterway of the Suez Canal. . . . This is not an imperialistic or colonial enterprise by the British. . . . The H.Q. Land Forces Middle East, the Canal Zone Air H.Q. and the Air Transport Middle East are at Fayid; the R.A.F. H.Q. Middle East is at Ismailia, and the Zone contains permanent barracks, railways and installations of very great value. Details of attacks made on British troops and installations since April 1 were given to the House of Commons on May 12 by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. The British Government had, he stated, kept quiet about these incidents so as to give the best possible atmosphere to the talks with General Neguib, which opened on April 27 and have been suspended."



A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE FOR MUSIC-LOVERS: THE FAMOUS "PROM." OF THE OLD QUEEN'S HALL, IN PROCESS OF DEMOLITION.

Not one stone will soon remain of the "Prom." of the old Queen's Hall, in which generations of young music-lovers stood to hear Sir Henry Wood conduct his famous Promenade concerts. The ruins are at the moment a place of pilgrimage. Former members of orchestras who played there, and music-lovers who recall the concerts they heard in the old hall are among visitors who come, shake their heads and turn away. Demolition is now in progress as the first step towards the construction of a new Queen's Hall, to replace the building destroyed by

enemy bombs in the "blitz" on London in World War II. The Government announced some time ago that a concert hall would be erected on the old site at a cost of between £1,000,000 and £1,500,000, with seating for 3500, and room for another 1000 during Promenade seasons; but it is not known when rebuilding will start. But when the new Queen's Hall rises, like a phoenix from the ashes of the old, it will provide a permanent memorial to Sir Henry Wood, for the plans are to include a small rehearsal hall which will bear his name.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

TWENTY-FIVE years have passed since last I stayed in Amman. Few towns can have changed more rapidly in a quarter of a century. It may have had 5000 inhabitants then, and 40,000 after the Second World War; now it has about 180,000. I hope to write about this expansion of the capital and the financial inflation which has accompanied it in a later article. I came to see the Arab Legion and the work performed by Lieut.-General Glubb Pasha in transforming it into a modern fighting force, so I will deal first with this aspect of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.

In the hostilities with Israel the Arab Legion was the only force of the Arab States which held its own. When hostilities ceased and an armistice line was drawn, it remained in possession of the Judean highlands, but for an Israeli salient stretching east to take in New Jerusalem. The armistice has not developed into peace, but the country within this line has been embodied in the Kingdom of Jordan. There has been no more active war, but there have been many small frontier incidents. The series culminated on April 22 in the most serious, the Israeli fire attack on the Old City of Jerusalem and territory of Jordan further north, a frontage of something under a mile. That day I was visiting Jericho, but I spent all next day in or near Jerusalem and was present when King Hussein came up to visit the wounded. I heard the story in detail from every possible source.

The object of the Israeli forces on this occasion is obscure. The preparation, however, was clear, though only after the event could it be recognised as such. Small reinforcements entered posts fringing the Old City, as had happened on other occasions. An hour before the firing began half-a-dozen officers got out of two jeeps, and one indicated to the rest various points along the city wall. Fire started with deliberate sniping at ranges at which it was hard to miss. Later, there were bursts of Bren fire. To the indignation of the American Consul, bullets hit his Consulate, which was well known and marked by a flag. The Arab Legion replied to the fire for only a brief period, but nevertheless, on the evidence of U.N. observers, hit six Israeli soldiers. From the Israeli side there was further firing at intervals, though it became less intense. At night armoured cars were heard on the Bethlehem road, from which the Israelis had removed some of the "dragons' teeth," but no attack followed. On the afternoon of the 23rd, the King arrived suddenly with the Minister of Defence and Glubb Pasha. He held a conference at a police headquarters and then drove into the Old City to visit the wounded in hospital. A few more shots were fired at this time. King Hussein's presence caused some slight anxiety, but his visit was a happy and kingly gesture, and he was given a most enthusiastic reception in the narrow streets.

The Arab Legion has grown since the Second World War, though it is still small in view of its responsibilities. Its strength is never given, but is generally estimated to approximate to that of a division. Part is in garrison west of the Jordan, and the remainder in training east of the river. The sort of small affair for which the garrison of West Jordan has to be on the watch can be divined from the recent incident outlined above, but the possibility of something much bigger has to be kept in mind. The majority of the unit commanders are Arabs. One at least is a Circassian. (The old feud between this people, planted by the Turks some eighty years ago to help control the country, and the Arabs is fortunately dead.) The artillery field regiment commanders are, up to the present, all British. Two places have in recent years been allotted to the Legion by the Staff College, Camberley, and other military establishments in Great Britain take a certain number of officers.

An institution known as the Arab Legion Training Centre not only gives all recruits primary training but includes an "Octu" and undertakes a large number of courses. In fact, the bulk of the military education is provided here, the exceptions being a small corps or arms schools administered by the commanders concerned. The training equipment of these outside schools is modern and the results are good. For example, in the artillery the proof that a high standard has been reached has been provided at practice camps. At the Training Centre there is only a single British officer, the Commandant. I found this training and education fascinating. Some infantry battalions and other units are formed entirely of Beduin. They come straight from the black tents, often having crossed hundreds of miles of desert to enlist. They are taught elementary English and, in some cases, have to learn to write in their own language. That they should be turned into well-trained and disciplined soldiers in a brief period is

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. JORDAN REVISITED (II).

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

notable. Even more so is the fact that a picked handful includes British staff college graduates and can hold appointments such as that of brigade major. The truth is that in making a soldier of an Arab, Bedu or settler, development of intelligence is not the problem. The intelligence is there. Education and inculcation of a high sense of responsibility are the main tasks.

The first is difficult enough, but in a few years will become simpler. A new type, the cadet officer, is now being taken younger and given a general education. When the time comes for these youths to aspire to higher appointments they will not have to face quite as hard a struggle as their predecessors. In the same way, specialists such as tradesmen will

equipment, indents for articles which its equivalent in Jordan makes for itself. It would be fair to say that the most impressive feature of all is to be found in the Legion's workshops. In them one sees equipment such as pumps for extracting water from deep underground sources being turned out, equipment which at home would come straight from the factory. The trained technicians are

not allowed to vegetate. Periodically they go out to units, work with them for a spell, and are then brought back for another spell in their particular central workshop. This seemed to me an even greater achievement than the field training.

Behind the Legion stands the National Guard, started by Glubb Pasha in 1949. Its duties are static, but if limited transfers were called for they could be made with the aid of transport from the Legion. The National Guard has a cadre of officers and N.C.O.s on full-time engagements; the remainder serve in towns and villages without pay and follow their normal avocations. It is an invaluable organisation, particularly west of the Jordan. So far the National Guard resembles the British Home Guard; but there is one vital difference. The National Guard is the avenue to enlistment in the Legion, so that instead of being elderly in the military sense a large proportion of it is very young. Though all men are registered at the age of seventeen, not all are called up, because numbers exceed needs as well as available instructors and equipment. The Legion can take its pick, and this is an element of strength in its composition.

Finally, there is the police force. This is in essence part of the Legion; in fact, the officers are interchangeable. The force is of three types. The duties of the first are in the larger towns; the men are foot police, but provided with some transport. Then comes the country force, a gendarmerie. It is mounted—and well mounted on Arab horses—and, though normally dispersed in small detachments, would not disgrace a trained cavalry regiment when assembled for a parade. The third type is camelry, with some trucks, and its duties are patrolling and reconnaissance in the desert. The desert's present placidity is, however, due less to armed force than to the personal contact which Glubb Pasha established with the sheikhs from the time of his arrival. East Jordan has become a region in which robbery with violence is far less prevalent than in most European capitals, including

our own.

A force which has expanded rapidly on but a slender educational basis must be subject to weaknesses. I can say only that those of the Legion cannot easily be noted by the eye. The troops look smart, keen and cleanly. They are now housed on a comparatively high standard. Quarters for married Arab officers and N.C.O.s are being built close at hand. They have taken a big share in their own building operations. Barrack-rooms which I saw were as tidy as at home and were new, which ours seldom are. The Legion has been pushed on rather fast, so needs time to absorb fully what it has learnt. Probably administration is less strong than weapon-training, fieldcraft and tactics. It appears that, though major administrative faults do not occur, petty accidents do, and they can mostly be traced to small jealousies between individuals or to too blind adherence to routine regulations. The latter is a growing-pain of a young army. It is illustrated by the habit of officers returning from staff training of regarding their notes as sacred documents to be consulted on every possible occasion of doubt.

It is needless to insist upon the value of the Arab Legion to Jordan from the military point of view.

Though those who do not know the country think of it as semi-desert throughout, the great flocks and herds which it supports, its considerable agricultural output, and its still greater agricultural possibilities are so precious that they call for a strong and vigilant defence. That is particularly necessary for a little nation to-day because, in what is cynically called a "United Nations war," it might not be given time to recover ground lost to a surprise attack. The possibility is that both sides would be ordered to halt, that both would obey, and that, in the pursuit of a settlement at all costs, the aggressor would be allowed to sit down on the line he had reached, regardless of his power to hold it. On the moral side the Legion's importance is less clearly visible, but in my opinion also great. Though extreme nationalism is one of the worst perils of the modern world, a nation which seeks to survive must possess a national consciousness. This is not as yet strong in Jordan. The best chance of developing it seems to be through the medium of the Arab Legion.



"IN THE ARTILLERY THE PROOF THAT A HIGH STANDARD HAS BEEN REACHED HAS BEEN PROVIDED AT PRACTICE CAMPS": A 25-PDR. GUN DETACHMENT OF THE ARAB LEGION ON THE RANGES—THE ARTILLERY FIELD REGIMENT COMMANDERS ARE, UP TO THE PRESENT, ALL BRITISH.



"THE TROOPS LOOK SMART, KEEN AND CLEANLY": AN ARMOURD-CAR GUNNER OF THE ARAB LEGION WHICH HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A MODERN FIGHTING FORCE BY LIEUT.-GENERAL GLUBB PASHA.

be produced from boys' units. As for responsibility, no one pretends that it is a typical Arab virtue. The contrary has been found only too often in Arab history. Yet there is equally no doubt that a high measure of success has been achieved in creating this virtue in Arab officers and N.C.O.s. Those in a position to contrast the Legion with certain other national forces which start with advantages that it does not possess note that there is far less carelessness in its ranks than in theirs. The tradition has been established by a small and decreasing number of British officers. The future is so uncertain that there would be little point in speculating how long or in what proportion their presence will be needed. What can be said is that they have implanted something which, unless a violent convulsion should occur, is already sturdy enough to endure for a long time.

In some respects the Legion, owing to its relative isolation, has to be self-supporting to a greater extent than forces in highly civilised countries. In our own country the efficient R.E.M.E., with its first-class

HASELTINE'S ANIMAL SCULPTURE.

A FORTHCOMING LONDON EXHIBITION.



"NAZIRI" (1939), A BRONZE HEAD OF AN OUTSTANDING ARAB (CHAMPION *SKOWRONEK*—CHAMPION *NASRA*), BRED BY LADY WENTWORTH. (Lent for exhibition by Lady Wentworth.)



"AN ARAB FILLY FOAL" (1939), A BRONZE STATUETTE OF THE SAME FILLY AS IN THE GROUP "MARE AND FILLY," BUT SHOWN IN A STANDING POSITION.



"RASEYN" (*SKOWRONEK*—*RAYYA*), FOALED 1923, AND STILL ALIVE IN HIS THIRTY-FIRST YEAR. BRED BY LADY WENTWORTH. Plaster of Paris model to be cast in bronze.



"LES REVENANTS" (1920) (RETURNING SPECTRES), BRONZE GROUP OF HORSES RETURNING FROM THE MEUSE-ARGONNE FRONT IN THE 1914-18 WAR. (Exhibited by permission of the Musée de l'Art Moderne, Paris.)



"ARAB MARE AND FILLY," COMPOSITE TYPE. THE HEAD OF THE MARE IS THAT OF CHAMPION *SILVER FIRE*; THE BODY THAT OF GRAND CHAMPION *SHARIMA*, BOTH MARES BRED BY LADY WENTWORTH. BRONZE.



"A JAMNAGAR STATE BULLOCK" (ONE OF A PAIR), MODELLED IN JAMNAGAR 1926, FINISHED IN BURGUNDY STONE, WITH POLYCHROME ORNAMENTATION, IN PARIS. PEDESTAL DESIGNED BY THE LATE SIR EDWIN LUTYENS.

Herbert Haseltine's animal sculpture is well known in this country and abroad. A notable collection of his work is being shown at the New Bond Street Galleries of Frank Partridge from May 28 until June 20. It has been organised in aid of the King George VI. Memorial Fund, to which the proceeds of the entrance money (2s. 6d.) and sale of catalogues (2s. 6d.) is being devoted. Sir Winston Churchill has contributed a foreword to the catalogue, in which he writes: Mr. Haseltine "combines, to a degree that must surely have been rare at all times, the inspiration

of the artist not only with a tireless application to detail, but with a deep and expert technical knowledge of the subjects he has chosen to depict." The works on view include the tragic bronze group of gassed and worn-out horses returning from the front in World War I., which was awarded the Gold Medal (*Médaille d'Honneur*) at the Paris World's Fair, 1937; notable models of British champion animals; and heads and groups of Arabs. The Jamnagar State bullocks are types of the animals harnessed to a silver carriage on State occasions.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

HERBACEOUS—BUT NOT BORDER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

AS in the matter of dress, so with gardening—fashions change. The chief difference is that with clothes they change rapidly, from year to

year—if not oftener; whilst in gardening, and among the plants and flowers that we admire, the process is more leisurely.

In looking back and remembering past fashions in dress, it is chiefly clothes of two or three years ago that seem the most horrible. Or perhaps the qualification might be extended to five or six years. The older, and the much older, fashions mostly seem quaint, amusing, even charming. I am not quite sufficiently antique to remember crinolines, but I do remember my female relations wearing bustles, those strange excrescences which someone aptly described as "fiction founded on fact." I remember, too, my sisters wearing enormously inflated "leg of mutton" sleeves, and hard, straw "boater" hats, and at another period hats so piled with flowers and what-not that they looked as though the famous old Piccadilly Circus flower-sellers had placed their entire stock-in-trade—baskets and all—upon their heads. I remember when skirts were worn so long that even so much as a glimpse of anything more than an inch or two above the ankle was matter for a righteous blush—or a great kick. And what a to-do there was when a few bold female cyclists took to wearing "bloomers." To-day, none but a man-eating tiger, surely, would be roused by female cyclists in their shorts—which too often are shorter than short.

And among flowers and gardens?

I remember that camellias and fuchsias were extremely popular during the bustle era. At that time, none who had it at hand could resist putting maidenhair fern in any and every vase of flowers. In later years, gypsophila became the poor man's maidenhair. How glad I am to have lived to see both fuchsias and camellias come back into greater favour than ever. As for gypsophila, its vogue seems to have dwindled from an epidemic, an almost universal vice, to a mere tea-shop habit. In spite of changing fashion, I never lost my fondness for fuchsias and camellias.

The almost, but not quite total, passing of bedding-out has been the greatest change in garden fashion that I have seen, and with the passing of bedding-out came the rise of the herbaceous border. To this day, however, I have a liking—I almost said a sneaking liking—for bedding-out. An illogical liking perhaps, and slightly nostalgic, but quite unashamed. I have no wish to practise bedding-out myself, nor to live with it. But I enjoy it when done in the right way, in the right place, and by that I mean lavishly, in some public place and at the public expense. There are, too, some private gardens in which a certain amount of formal bedding seems perfectly right. At Hidcote Manor, which is the most perfect garden of its size that I know, formal bedding has been blended with informal and semi-wild planting with consummate skill. And at Hidcote one of the great charms of the herbaceous borders, or what are loosely called herbaceous borders, is that they are not strictly herbaceous. Breaks of all sorts of shrubby things, evergreen and deciduous shrubs, flowering shrubs and non-flowering shrubs, have been planted amid the hardy herbaceous plants and the half-hardy summer flowers. Tall, shrubby hypericums, great bushes of hardy fuchsia, and 6-ft. specimens of the bushy *Pinus*

montana, play at happy families with dahlias, anemones, lilies, agapanthus, and so on, in infinite variety and complete harmony. This partial invasion of the herbaceous border by raiders from the shrub border seems to me to be an excellent plan. It helps to tone down the over-gaudy opulence of the too-successful and purely herbaceous border, and it helps to reassure one, even in high summer, that when winter comes, the border will still have the interest of a few evergreens,



THE RED-HOT POKER—OR KNIPHOFIA—A PLANT WHICH FROM ITS DIGNIFIED AND WELL-INTEGRATED FORM IS IDEALLY SUITED FOR PLANTING IN ISOLATION OR IN GROUPS OF ITS FELLOWS.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF THE HERBACEOUS BORDER—FROM A FAMOUS COTSWOLD GARDEN—BALANCED IN THIS CASE WITH MULLEINS (ON THE RIGHT) IN THEIR SEPARATE ARCHITECTURAL SPLENDOUR. "I BELIEVE," WRITES MR. ELLIOTT, "... THAT HERBACEOUS—OR SHALL I SAY MIXED?—BORDERS ARE LIKELY TO REMAIN IN FAVOUR—'FASHION' IS A HATEFUL WORD TO APPLY TO PLANTS AND FLOWERS—IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER FOR A VERY LONG TIME TO COME."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

and still remain a place of plants instead of becoming a cemetery of summer memories.

Will herbaceous borders drop out of fashion as formal bedding largely has? During the last year or two, I have heard and read murmurings against them. The fashion—and I suppose they are more or less of a fashion—might quite easily change. In what way they might change it is difficult to say. The term herbaceous border has always been somewhat of a misnomer. The best "herbaceous" borders, as at Hidcote, have not been strictly herbaceous, and in the cases where it was made a fetish, a point of honour to stick to purely herbaceous plants, the results were never fully satisfactory or satisfying. The most beautiful and interesting results have been achieved where evergreen or ever-grey shrubby things were introduced, and where certain plants, relics of the old bedding-out days, were introduced, and allowed to riot in a purely informal manner. I believe, therefore, that herbaceous—or shall I say mixed?—borders are likely to remain in favour—"fashion" is a hateful word to apply to plants and flowers—in one form or another for a very long time to come.

But there is a way of growing and enjoying many of the best hardy herbaceous plants other than by using them merely as so much colour in the making of an elongated garden picture. They may be planted, as certain shrubs are sometimes planted, in groups of one or perhaps two or three kinds, in splendid isolation, instead of as items in a mixed-flower border. The herbaceous plants may be planted in prepared beds, perhaps in a setting of grass, and as far as may be with a suitable background, and then, once established, left to their own devices. Such massed grouping of plants of one kind is, of course, more suitable for fairly roomy gardens than for very little ones.

One of the best of all herbaceous plants for this sort of massed but isolated planting is *Anemone japonica*, especially the single-flowered pinks and whites, though some of the doubles and semi-doubles may well be used too. A bed of several or many dozen plants, once established, will increase in beauty, with a minimum of attention, for ever and ever—almost. Kniphofias, or Red-hot Pokers, are equally effective grown in this way, and here again a selection of varieties large and small, and

in red, orange, gold and lemon, may be grouped, though even the common old *Kniphofia uvaria* can make a grand picture, and so, too, on a lesser scale will a mass of the taller, stronger-growing day lilies, or *Hemerocallis*.

An experiment which I would like to try, and perhaps some day will try, would be a bold planting, in a grass setting and with a background of evergreens, of one of the taller, stronger-growing Michaelmas daisies. The old inimitable "Climax" would be excellent for the purpose, or perhaps there might be "Climax" and one or two other varieties of darker, fuller mauves and violets as well. But I would choose only sorts of strong constitution, and branched, open habit. Having planted, I would leave them entirely alone, and even allow the grass to grow into them. After a year or two they would doubtless be very small beer from the Michaelmas daisy expert's point of view. But as an autumn mist of lavender and violet they would, I think, make a pleasant picture, most restful to the eye after too much gloating over the colourful and well-fed inhabitants of conventional herbaceous borders elsewhere.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: EVENTS SCIENTIFIC, ROYAL, OFFICIAL AND MUSICAL.



PREPARING FOR A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO THE CARIBBEAN SEA: DR. HANS HASS, WELL KNOWN FOR HIS SUBMARINE RESEARCH AND BOOKS OF UNDER-WATER ADVENTURE, AT SEA IN HIS NEW YACHT *XARIFA* OFF THE NORTH GERMAN COAST NEAR HAMBURG.



TO SEEK NEW ADVENTURES BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE SEA: DR. HANS HASS (LEFT; WAVING CAP) AND HIS WIFE LOTTE ABOARD HIS NEW YACHT, *XARIFA*, ON MAY 14.

Dr. Hans Hass, of Vienna, who before the war was engaged in submarine research in the Caribbean Sea, is well known to a large public from his books "Diving to Adventure" and "Under the Red Sea," illustrated with remarkable underwater photographs taken by himself. He has now bought a new yacht, *Xarifa*, and is shortly leaving for the Caribbean on another scientific expedition.



PRESENTING A STANDARD TO NO. 600 (CITY OF LONDON) SQUADRON, ROYAL AUXILIARY AIR FORCE, AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ADDRESSING THE PARADE AT THE CEREMONY.

On May 16 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who is Honorary Air Commodore of No. 600 (City of London) Squadron, Royal Auxiliary Air Force, presented a Standard to the Squadron in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty is seen in our photograph addressing the parade after the presentation had been made, with the new Standard on the right.



BEING SWORN-IN AS THE THIRTEENTH GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA: FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, CANBERRA.

On May 8 Field Marshal Sir William Slim was sworn-in as Governor-General of Australia. Lady Slim, who was at that time ill in hospital, listened to the broadcast of the ceremony. In our photograph Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, is obscured behind Sir William Slim; Mrs. Menzies is seated (right).



WHERE THE OPERA SEASON WILL OPEN ON JUNE 7: GLYNDEBOURNE, SUSSEX. THE OPERA HOUSE HAS BEEN ENLARGED DURING THE WINTER.

Coronation Year will also be Glyndebourne's fourteenth season; thirty-seven performances of five operas have been arranged for the seven-weeks festival from June 7 to July 26. The Opera House itself has undergone extensive structural alteration during the winter, the proscenium and stage have



THE ALTERED GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA HOUSE: THE ENLARGED AUDITORIUM, WHERE THERE ARE NOW ABOUT ANOTHER 150 SEATS; THE PILLARS HAVE BEEN SET BACK. BEEN WIDENED, THE STRUCTURE OF THE ROOF ALTERED TO REMOVE ALL PILLARS FROM OBSTRUCTING THE VIEW OF THE STAGE AND SEVERAL ROWS OF SEATS HAVE BEEN ADDED TO THE BALCONY. THE SEASON WILL OPEN ON JUNE 7 WITH GLUCK'S "Alceste," which will be conducted by Vittorio Gui and produced by Carl Ebert.

A WOMAN OF GENIUS, ACHIEVEMENT AND COURAGE.

"*LÉLIA: THE LIFE OF GEORGE SAND*"; By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IT must be about thirty-five years ago—I think the Old War was still on—that Maurice Baring, on short leave in Paris, picked up on a bookstall a small new book called "*Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*," and sent it to me with a note saying: "This is frightfully funny; why don't you translate it?" I, too, found it frightfully funny, thought that it would be a pleasure to translate it, and took the relevant steps at once. But somebody else had beaten me by a short head, and the remarkable talent of André Maurois, a young interpreter attached to the British Army, was divulged to our public by another hand than mine.

The prose was clear and flowing; the satire was shrewd and not unkind; and the dialogue (which included those notable "silences") through which the characters in the mess were revealed was delightfully brisk and laconic. M. Maurois' mess-mates certainly lived and were certainly British. Especially the Colonel himself; after the war was over the English countryside was dotted with retired warriors, of whom the neighbours whispered to one: "He was the original of Colonel Bramble. He really was; a man who knows the author told me so." If the warrior's name was Campbell, which rhymes, that was convincing corroboration. André Maurois' name had been "made" here; and the watchers of the literary skies hoped that he would long shine with the same brilliance, as a light, witty, gently satirical, soundly sentimental writer.

He assuredly went on writing: over thirty books are named in a list which precedes the title-page of his new volume. For a while he continued along the old lines. Dr. O'Grady, whose place of origin I need not specify, had a little volume to himself; and in another, Colonel Bramble burst into splendour as a General. But then, being a developing writer with wide interests and not a Harry Lauder with a stock sort of turn, he began to venture into worlds beyond, and published

in the end, he produced a History of England. Similarly with his French subjects. From the personal and particular he proceeded to the general, studies of Lyautey, Voltaire and Chateaubriand leading ultimately to a solid History of France. His latest book combines the merits both of his biographical studies and of his more comprehensive works. It is a massive, and fully documented, life of George Sand; and, almost inevitably, that woman being what she was, a history of the Romantic Era in France, with especial reference to literature, music and the graphic arts, and no small amount of reference to religion and politics—for there was scarcely any pie into which that exuberant and enthusiastic woman did not put her finger.

M. Maurois' wit remains, though nowadays it is rather subcutaneous. But his gravity is now more noticeable than his levity: the historical strain

suggests that had she been granted a new coat-of-arms this would rightly not have been adorned by one Bend Sinister but would have had a field entirely Bendy. After she had precociously chosen a husband who did not suit her (he doesn't seem to have been a monster), and found that she got on no better with him than she had at home, she plunged into the Paris of the Restoration, still fermenting with all the ideas, social and moral, of the Revolution, and began that amorous career which is chiefly associated with the names of de Musset and Chopin. There was a host of others: her husband even doubted his daughter's parentage; after despairingly crying that she had done with love, when an affair had finished, it took her but a few weeks to find another vessel for the Ideal, and hope for unending happiness once more. At Venice, when de Musset appeared to be mortally ill, she began to "carry on," even in his presence it seemed,

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. M. André Maurois, the talented French author whose work has been known and enjoyed in this country since his affectionate lampoon on British officers, "*The Silences of Colonel Bramble*," appeared in 1918, has now written a biography of George Sand. It is reviewed here by Sir John Squire, who says: "It is undoubtedly M. Maurois' most impressive book so far: it would have stood as a monument to his powers had he never written anything else."

with his doctor: it was the doctor who returned, to Paris in her train and not de Musset. Yet her tragedy was that she wasn't at heart a rake.

All the time she thought she was looking for a perfect mate, and perfect spiritual and physical fulfilment. Already, when she wrote "*Lélia*," it began to dawn on her that of physical fulfilment she was not capable. Late in life she came to the conclusion that all she had ever longed for was to satisfy her desires for maternity and friendship. It was, often, the maternal instinct that let her down. Her men didn't mind being nursed when they were ill—but even at that they didn't like her too intimately concerned with other people at the same time—but they didn't want to be inordinately mothered when they were well. She was devouring; and she wore them out.

Born at another time, and in other surroundings, she might have been a George Eliot rather than a whirlwind. In her preface to "*La Mare au Diable*," she writes, like a true Victorian, "Art is not the study of positive reality, but the search for ideal

truth," and "*The Vicar of Wakefield*" was a more useful and healthy book than the "*Paysan Pervers*" or the "*Liaisons Dangereuses*." Her conduct simply couldn't have been more unconventional than it was: but there was no touch of decadence about her outlook, though, in her opinions, a strong streak of that unreal Rousseauistic Utopianism which is still a powerful influence in the world. She loved the country, and the wild flowers as well as her garden; and she was really more happy among the peasants of Berry than she ever was in the studios of the Latin Quarter. Her last years, in her own countryside, were the best: and the latest of her friends among the eminent—Flaubert, whom she actually induced to leave his hermitage and stay at Nohant—seems to have been one of the soundest. Others, some attractively, some otherwise, swarm in these pages: people indifferent to George Sand, or irritated by her, might well read it for its glimpses of Chopin, Liszt, the poets and novelists of the time, and even Napoleon III. She is buried at Nohant, whither her compass always pointed.

Mr. Hopkins's translation could not be bettered. The illustrations are good and well-chosen; but one could do with a few more of them. "What did So-and-so look like?" I several times asked myself about some star not of the first magnitude who makes an interesting appearance in the text.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 844 of this issue.



GEORGE SAND IN 1830. SHE WAS BORN IN PARIS ON JULY 1, 1804, THE DAUGHTER OF MAURICE DUPIN AND SOPHIE DELABORDE. SHE DIED AT NOHANT-ON JUNE 8, 1876.

From the Musée Carnavalet.

in him has become dominant over the journalistic strain: the scholar who does not mind any amount of hard work and is anxious to be accurate at all points has superseded the *littérateur* whose eye for salient points and talent for revealing phrase enabled him to produce easy, if illuminating, summaries without much appearance of labour and with very little apparatus of footnotes. There can be little doubt that this life of George Sand, a magazine of facts, with very many quotations from letters and diaries hitherto unpublished, will be a source-book, in the future, for many lesser and more facile biographies of the sort which the young Maurois produced with such apparent lack of effort. "Most," as Tennyson remarked, "can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed." It is undoubtedly M. Maurois' most impressive book so far: it would have stood as a monument to his powers had he never written anything else.

He argues very little, though, in a life as full-blooded, variegated, turbulent and irregular as that of Aurore Dudevant, there is plenty about which the argumentative might argue. His job is to keep in the foreground the authentic documents produced by herself, her friends and her enemies, and to fill in the background of persons, places and events with cinematic brightness and clarity. He is more concerned with the person, other persons and the age than he is with the person's literary productions. He indulges in very little purely literary criticism. It seems clear that he regards "*Consuelo*" as outstanding among her novels of one kind, and "*The Devil's Pool*" and "*François the Waif*" as also likely to survive most of her tremendous output. But for his immediate purpose the most relevant books are the autobiographical ones. This is the life of a woman who was an author, not of an author who was incidentally a woman.

She came of an unsettling ancestry and was plunged into an unsettling age. On her father's side she was descended from Augustus the Strong of Saxony (in a too literal sense the father of his people) and a Koenigsmark woman, and Marshal de Saxe; on the mother's she was plebeian. The account of her progenitors



GEORGE SAND AT THE AGE OF SIXTY.

Photograph by Nadar.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "*Lélia: The Life of George Sand*"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Jonathan Cape.



CHOPIN AT MARSEILLES IN 1839.

Sketch by Maurice Sand.

the first of several volumes on an English subject—for his liaison work did not end with the 1914 war. The book was called "*Ariel*"; the subject was Shelley; to the best of my recollection he quoted few, if any, lines of the poet's verse; his interest was entirely in the human being and his adventures, bodily and mental, amid his circumstances. Mrs. Siddons, Byron and Dickens were among later themes and,

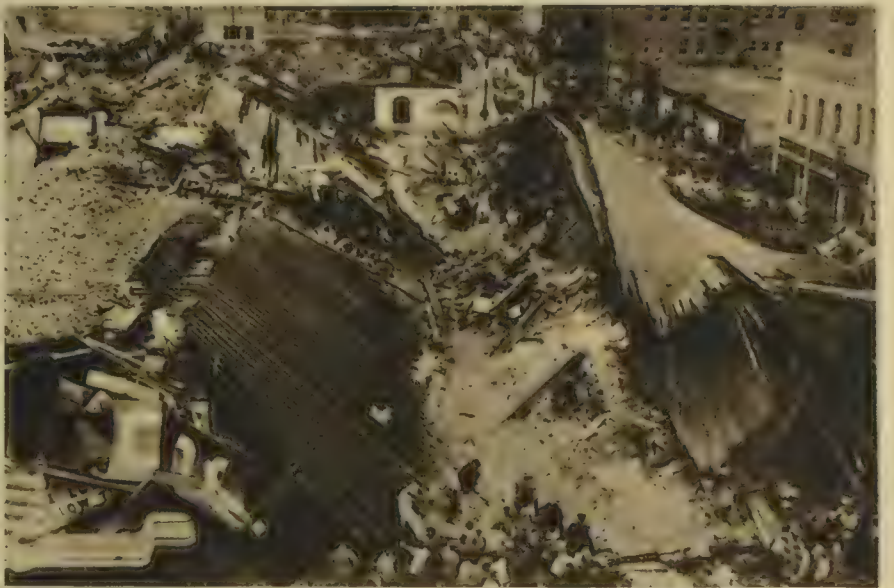
* "*Lélia: The Life of George Sand*," By André Maurois. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape; 25s.)

A TEXAS TORNADO, LEAD OLD AND NEW, AN OLD BELL AND A NEW SHIP.



WHERE A TORNADO KILLED MORE THAN SEVENTY PERSONS: A STREET IN WACO, TEXAS, WITH RUBBLE FROM WRECKED HOUSES PILED HIGH ON TOP OF PARKED CARS.

On Monday, May 11, a tornado struck the West Texan town of San Angelo, killing three people and destroying about 200 homes. Later the same day another tornado struck the cotton town of Waco in the same State and caused at least seventy fatal casualties. A six-storey furniture store "folded like an accordion" and fell into the street. Water mains burst in the basement, and many who were sheltering there were believed drowned. There were casualties, too, in a near-by cinema, and in a billiards hall.



THE WACO TORNADO DISASTER: THE STREET WHERE A SIX-STOREY FURNITURE STORE "FOLDED LIKE AN ACCORDION" AND A CINEMA (LEFT FOREGROUND) WAS DEMOLISHED.



MAKING THE NEW BELL-WHEEL FOR "GREAT TOM," OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD. For many years Great Tom, the bell in Tom Tower, Christ Church, which sounds 101 strokes at 9 p.m., has not been rung—but "clocked." It is now being overhauled and refitted at the White-chapel Bell Foundry, in the hope that it can be swung again in time for the Coronation.



THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW 28,000-TON P. AND O. PASSENGER LINER *ARCADIA*.

On May 14, two new 28,000-ton passenger liners, the P. and O. *Arcadia* and the Orient liner *Orsova* were launched at, respectively, Clydebank and Barrow. *Arcadia* was built by Messrs. John Brown and Co., and will carry 670 first-class passengers and 735 tourist class. She will be fitted with stabilisers.



WHERE THE WACO SIX-STOREY SHOP COLLAPSED IN THE TORNADO AND FORMED A PILE OF RUBBLE TWO STOREYS HIGH. MANY SHELTERING IN THE BASEMENT WERE DROWNED.



THE CHILD'S LEAD COFFIN, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN A ROMAN BARROW AT HOLBOROUGH, NEAR SNODLAND, IN THE MEDWAY VALLEY. IT BEARS SCOLLOP-SHELL DECORATION.

A Roman barrow at Holborough, one of the few virtually intact Roman burial mounds of its type, has been recently excavated by Mr. Ronald Jessup for the Ministry of Works. In addition to the lead coffin shown (which may have been a Christian burial, since it was set east-west), an iron cist was also discovered. Cists hitherto discovered in Britain have always been of wood or brick. The lead of the child's coffin is about 1-in. thick and has cable-and-billet moulding.



A NEW MAJOR WORK BY MR. EPSTEIN: THE LEAD "VIRGIN AND CHILD" IN CAVENTISH SQUARE, DURING THE UNVEILING BY MR. R. A. BUTLER, THE CHANCELLOR.

This fine statue, which is fixed to a wall above an arch, was designed for and is cast in lead salvaged from buildings gutted in the war. It was commissioned by the Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, and the cost is being met by the Convent, the Arts Council, and by public subscription. This subscription list is still open, and short by about £1600 of the sum required. The unveiling by Mr. Butler took place on the afternoon of May 14.



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H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET represented H.M. the Queen at the wedding of Princess Ragnhild, eldest daughter of Crown Prince Olav of Norway, to Hr. Erling Lorentzen on May 15. This is the first marriage of a member of the

(LEFT.) ROYAL GUESTS AT THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS RAGNHILD AND ERLING LORENTZEN LEAVING THE CHURCH AT ASKER AFTER THE CEREMONY. SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK AND QUEEN INGRID WITH PRINCESS MARGARET FOLLOWING BEHIND WITH PRINCE BENKT OF SWEDEN.



(ABOVE.) A WEDDING GROUP: LORENTZEN (MOTHER OF CROWN PRINCE OLAV) PRINCESS RAGNHILD, HR. CROWN PRINCE MATHIA AND HR. OLIVIND OF THE

(Continued.) holding posies of spring flowers. On May 16 Princess Margaret visited the Viking ship Museum in Oslo and also the Kon-Tiki Museum, situated at Bygdø, a peninsula on Oslo Fjord, where she was shown the famous raft on which Hr. Thor Heyerdahl

(LEFT.) VISITING THE VIKING SHIP MUSEUM IN OSLO ON MAY 16: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE CURATOR, HR. THORLIF SJØVOLD, AND (BEHIND; L. TO R.) SIR MICHAEL WRIGHT, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO NORWAY; PRINCESS ASTRID OF NORWAY, AND LADY RANKIN.



(FROM L. TO R.) FRU THE BRIDE, ERLING LORENTZEN, (MOTHER OF THE BRID), LORENTZEN (FATHER BRIDEGRROOM).

and his companions drifted across the Pacific in 1947. Her Royal Highness also attended the opening by Sir Michael Wright, British Ambassador in Oslo, of an exhibition of paintings and drawings by Mr. Edward Seago. On May 17 Princess Margaret watched the celebrations of Constitution Day from a balcony of the Royal Palace before returning home by air.

(RIGHT.) EXAMINING THE FAMOUS RAFT AT THE KON-TIKI MUSEUM AT BYGDØ, NEAR OSLO, ON MAY 16: PRINCESS MARGARET WITH HR. THOR HEYERDAHL, LEADER OF THE KON-TIKI EXPEDITION.

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(Continued.) Norwegian Royal family to a commoner for about 600 years. The ceremony took place at the parish church in Asker in the presence of Royal guests, including King Frederik of Denmark and Queen Ingrid, Prince Bertil of Sweden, and Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark. After the ceremony Crown Prince Olav gave a dinner for about 200 guests at his residence, Skaugum, near Oslo. The path from the church was lined by small children of Asker Sunday School



THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN THE CHURCH AT ASKER: THE BRIDE, PRINCESS RAGNHILD, WITH THE BRIDEGRROOM, HR. ERLING LORENTZEN, KNEELING AT THE ALTAR.



(LEFT.) REPRESENTING H.M. THE QUEEN AT THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS RAGNHILD OF NORWAY AND HR. LORENTZEN: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET AT A RECEPTION HELD IN HER HONOUR AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN OSLO ON MAY 16.

(RIGHT.) THE FIRST MARRIAGE OF A MEMBER OF THE NORWEGIAN ROYAL FAMILY TO A COMMONER FOR ABOUT 600 YEARS: PRINCESS RAGNHILD LEAVING THE CHURCH WITH HER BRIDEGRROOM, HR. ERLING LORENTZEN, AFTER THE CEREMONY.



(LEFT.) RETURNING TO SKAUGUM AFTER THE CEREMONY IN THE PARISH CHURCH AT ASKER: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGRROOM IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE.

(RIGHT.) THE RETURN HOME: PRINCESS MARGARET TALKING TO SIR JOHN D'ALBAC, COMMANDANT OF LONDON AIRPORT, ON HER ARRIVAL FROM NORWAY ON MAY 17.





THE REFUELLING OF THREE FIGHTERS BY ONE FLYING TANKER AIRCRAFT IN OPERATION: THE RECEIVING AIRCRAFT ARE COUPLED TO THE TANKER BY MEANS OF THE "PROBE AND DROGUE SYSTEM" EVOLVED BY FLIGHT REFUELLING, A COMPANY OF WHICH SIR ALAN COBHAM IS CHAIRMAN.

The United States Air Force and the R.A.F. have co-operated in the use of "probe and drogue" British equipment by which three fighters can be simultaneously refuelled in the air from one tanker aircraft. In September 1951 the U.S.A.F. sent a B-29 bomber to the airfield of Flight Refuelling. It was fitted with aerial refuelling units in the fuselage and wing-tips; and the R.A.F. equipped *Meteor* jet fighters to receive fuel in flight. These aircraft collaborated

in a demonstration watched by U.S.A.F. and R.A.F. officers. The tanker trails retractable hoses terminating in funnel-shaped drogues at which the pilots of the receiving aircraft aim their machines' probes. Automatic locking ensures coupling, and electric pumps deliver fuel at the rate of 200 gallons a minute. Contact is broken by the receiving aircraft reducing speed, and when the pull on the fuel-line reaches about 800 lb. the probe is automatically released.



THE END OF A CORONATION PROCESSION REHEARSAL WHICH FILLED CENTRAL LONDON WITH THOUSANDS OF SIGHTSEERS IN THE EARLY HOURS OF SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 17: THE ROYAL STATE COACH AND ITS ESCORT, TURNING FROM THE TOP OF THE MALL, TO SWING ROUND THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL INTO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

At 7 a.m. on the morning of Sunday, May 17, a rehearsal of the Coronation procession from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey took place, and the golden State coach, drawn by eight greys, took part. This was the second rehearsal of the State coach—the object being to practise the assembly of the State coaches and carriages at Buckingham Palace and Clarence House and their reassembly with cavalry escorts for the drive back—but on this occasion the Metropolitan Police were presented with a foretaste of the handling of huge

Coronation crowds. From the earliest hours, families (especially those with children) had been swarming into London from the suburbs and outskirts to the number of many thousands; and the before-breakfast procession passed kerbs and stands crowded with sightseers. These crowds, having come into London, stayed on to view the decorations and preparations, and until the early evening Central London was filled with strolling crowds through which even the diminished road traffic of Sunday crept at a snail's pace.

A HUGE CROWD FOR A CORONATION PROCESSION REHEARSAL; AND TRIPLE REFUELLING IN THE AIR.



GARDENS LARGE AND SMALL, SIMPLE AND ELABORATE, AT THE CORONATION YEAR CHELSEA: (ABOVE) THE COTTAGE-GARDEN STAGED BY THE WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, CRAMMED WITH FLOWERS (AND VEGETABLES) AND WITH A CORONATION FORMAL BED; AND (BELOW) AN ELABORATE GARDEN VISTA (BY IAN WALKER, OF GODSTONE) INCORPORATING WATER, ROCK, A RUSTIC SHELTER AND BRIDGE, AND MANY FLOWERING SHRUBS.

THE CORONATION YEAR CHELSEA: GARDENS LARGE AND SMALL AT THE WORLD'S FINEST FLOWER SHOW.

The Coronation Year Chelsea Show of the Royal Horticultural Society was visited by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on the morning of May 19, and opened to the Fellows on the afternoon of the same day. It was open to the public from May 20 to the evening of May 22. In addition to the usual features, presented on this occasion with a lavishness appropriate to the Coronation Year, there were a number of innovations. Among these may be mentioned a tent given over to exhibitions of floral art; and an exhibit of plants from the countries of the British Commonwealth, arranged by the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. As ever, the gardens exhibited were the

centres of great interest and ranged, as our two photographs indicate, from the large and elaborate to the simple lay-out within the capacity of the enthusiastic cottager. One exhibit of great interest (designed, incidentally, to call attention to the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Appeal) was in the form of a Cornish seaside garden and conceived as the garden of a master mariner retired from the sea and evoking in the mild airs of Cornwall some of the garden memories of his voyagings. The great marquee, covering over three-and-a-half acres, was crammed with exhibits of a quality and quantity befitting the world's finest flower show.



NOW CELEBRATING THE QUATERCENTENARY OF ITS REORGANISATION UNDER EDWARD VI.—BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE: THE OLD SCHOOL AND MASTER'S HOUSE. (RIGHT) "DOULS" AND SIX-FORMERS.

This drawing of the oldest part of Bromsgrove School, with its straw-hatted Sixth-Formers and bareheaded "douls" (i.e., fags, from "doulos," the Greek word for slave), evokes from the buildings it depicts two ages of renaissance in the school's history: the re-founding by Sir Thomas Cokes of Bentley in 1693; and the Victorian resurgence. The school is, however, far older than that. Like many other famous institutions, its origins are wrapped in mystery. There is a reference to it in a valuation of ecclesiastical property made in 1538 by order of King Henry VIII., and it is thought that the unknown founder founded the Free Grammar School in about 1500 and endowed the School with lands which in 1547 (the first year of Edward VI.'s reign) produced a yearly sum of £7 for the "wages" of the "Scholemaster, William

Fones, priest." These lands were then confiscated by the Crown; and the endowment remains to this day, in the vestigial form of an annual payment by the Ministry of Education of the same £7. For a while thereafter the school was known as the Grammar School of King Edward VI. Bromsgrove, until a charter in the following reign gave it the new title of the Free Grammar School of King Philip and Queen Mary. In the 1650's King Edward's name again entered its title, but since 1923 it has reverted to its proper name of "Bromsgrove School." From Tudor times until the Civil War little is known except the list of Headmasters' names, and at the Civil War even this ceases. In fact, by 1693 the school was nearly moribund, and was saved by its re-founding in that year by Sir Thomas Cokes of Bentley, the founder

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU



of Worcester College, Oxford. He built a new School House—now the Library—and Master's lodging, and endowed the school with £50 a year, enough to provide a good stipend for the Master, and clothing, education and apprenticeship for twelve poor scholars of the town; and he reserved for boys chosen from among this number certain scholarships at Worcester College, Oxford, which led automatically to fellowships and College livings. This gave the school new life, and during the eighteenth century the school acquired a great reputation. In the time of the Napoleonic Wars, however, the endowment became unremunerative and the school fell into the doldrums. It was rescued, however, by a succession of great Victorian headmasters—among whom may be mentioned Dr. Jacob, Dr. Collis and Mr. Millington. Under them the school

became a boarding-school, and grew in size, reputation and scholarship. In the present century, largely owing to the generosity of Old Boys, this growth has continued at an increased pace and, indeed, many of its finest or most essential buildings date from 1914. Among these may be mentioned the Kytles block of schoolrooms and masters' common room; the Whitley laboratories; a new sanatorium; the Routh Hall (a school hall and music school); the War Memorial Chapel; and new workshops, classrooms, laboratories, gymnasium, sports facilities, new gates and a swimming-bath. The grounds and playing-fields of the school have also been augmented and, as can be seen in the drawings on these pages and on pages 832 and 833, all these buildings are generously spaced and embowered in noble trees.



CHANGING CLASSES DURING MORNING SCHOOL AT BROMSGROVE. TO THE LEFT LIES THE GRASSY, TREE-GIRDLED PLAYGROUND; ON THE EXTREME RIGHT THE KYTELESS BLOCK OF CLASSROOMS; IN THE CENTRE IS THE INCOMPLETE MEMORIAL CHAPEL. BEYOND THE TREES, LEFT BACKGROUND, STANDS THE ROUTH MEMORIAL HALL.



THE SWIMMING-BATH, BROMSGROVE SCHOOL: A VERY POPULAR INSTITUTION IN THE SUMMER TERM AFTER CRICKET, TENNIS OR CORPS PARADES.



A CORNER OF THE QUAD, WITH ONE OF THE OLDER BUILDINGS, CARRYING THE SCHOOL BELL ON THE CENTRAL STACK. THIS QUADRANGLE NEIGHBOURS THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE.

BROMSGROVE TO-DAY: MODERN ASPECTS OF A SCHOOL WHICH DATES BACK TO HENRY VIII.

Bromsgrove School, the famous and ancient Worcestershire public school, 21 miles from Stratford-on-Avon, 13 from Worcester and 14 from Birmingham, is this year celebrating a quatercentenary. It is, in fact, more than 400 years old, dating from at least the reign of Henry VIII., but like nearly all the old schools of England, it suffered many vicissitudes of fortune—like a river in limestone country—dwindling, spreading, even running underground until the great expansion

of public-school education in the nineteenth century. Its history through the years is told on pages 830–831, but here we show some of the aspects which have come into being during its greatest period of expansion—the thirty-nine years since 1914. In the top picture, for example, the Kyteless block, the Routh Hall and the Memorial Chapel date from, respectively, 1914, 1928 and 1931. The incomplete Memorial Chapel was designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



"THE EIGHTEEN-BEDDER"—THE OLDEST DORMITORY OF BROMSGROVE SCHOOL—ACTUALLY IT NOW HOLDS TWENTY-THREE BEDS, AND IS RESERVED FOR THE SIXTH FORM. IT IS IN THE TOPMOST STOREY OF THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE; AND ITS OCCUPANTS HAVE TO DO MOST OF SUCH CHORES AS BED-MAKING, SHOWN HERE.



"THE TUNNEL"—LINKING THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE WITH THE MODERN BUILDINGS AND PASSING UNDER WHAT WAS ONCE THE HEADMASTER'S GARDEN. IT WAS BUILT BY AN EARLY VICTORIAN HEADMASTER, WHO OBJECTED TO BOYS WALKING ACROSS HIS PRIVATE LAWNS.

"THE TUNNEL" AND "THE EIGHTEEN-BEDDER": TWO TIME-HONOURED FEATURES OF BROMSGROVE SCHOOL.

The two time-honoured aspects of Bromsgrove School which our Special Artist has drawn above both date from the last century, that period when old schools developed under the impetus of two forces: the resurgence of what may be called Anglican Christian education, typified in Dr. Arnold's Rugby; and the dwindling of old endowments, which meant that old schools must become boarding establishments with increased resources and drawing pupils from a wider area—or

perish. The "Eighteen-bedder," the school's oldest dormitory, was the first indication of the latter trend, and was built in Victorian days as a top storey to the 1693 building, which dates from the refounding of the school by Sir Thomas Cookes. The "Tunnel" reflects the individuality of one of the great Victorian headmasters, Dr. Jacob, who objected so strongly to his pupils walking across his garden that he built a tunnel so that they could and should walk underneath it.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

ON THE THRONE.

By J. C. TREWIN

"A NOISE within, crying 'Room for the Queen!'" One remembered that stage direction from "Henry the Eighth" the other night, when an Old Vic audience stood, and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh came to their seats in the garlanded front row of the dress circle.

"Henry the Eighth" was the royal play. Did its performance fit such an occasion as this in our national theatre? Certainly, though the night began with an odd maltreatment of the Prologue. It was a comfort to get to the play proper, and to that account of the Field of the Cloth of Gold in which the words, "all clinquant, all in gold," remind me of a far nobler work, "Antony and Cleopatra."

Some of the verse in the Shakespeare-Fletcher pageant has a leaden fall. Few lines in it (more or less in the phrase of a famous critic) "take your breath away, or send a momentary wave of coldness across your face, or elicit whatever your special bodily signal may be of your mind's amazed and sudden surrender to some stroke of passionate genius." There are passages of royal purple; but this is, first, a processional piece, a succession of fanfares. Tyrone Guthrie, a director who knows the play and his task, keeps the sense of spectacle while omitting deliberately (as he did a few years ago at Stratford) what appears to be the chief blaze. I mean the Order of the Coronation: as devised by, presumably, Fletcher, it is a direct incitement to pageantry beginning with "a lively flourish of trumpets" and ending with the words "order and state." Mr. Guthrie prefers to let us view the Coronation through the eyes of a triumvirate of Gentlemen, mildly eccentric types, but amiable company. One of them has his lips touched to splendour: he describes the Abbey ceremonial and such a noise "as the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest, as loud and to as many tunes." I was sorry this time to miss the First Gentleman's joyful little leap at "All the rest are countesses." That was a Stratford touch: Mr. Guthrie had slightly amended his first production, and reduced (wisely, perhaps) its comedy.

He passes over another chance for display, the Vision at Kimbolton. At the Vic we do not see those

from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!" What better speech than that on the night of May 6?

Guthrie continues to use Tanya Moiseiwitsch's permanent setting, about which the crowd can swirl at various levels. It is designed inventively; a frame for the sharp contrasts that both authors and producer are at pains to emphasise through this chronicle of



"WHAT IS HER NAME?" "ELIZABETH"; THE KING (PAUL ROGERS) HOLDS THE INFANT PRINCESS WHILE ARCHBISHOP CRANMER (WILLIAM SQUIRE) OFFICIATES: THE CHRISTENING SCENE IN "KING HENRY VIII." AT THE OLD VIC.

"The best comes last": writes Mr. J. C. Trewin when discussing Tyrone Guthrie's production of "King Henry VIII." at the Old Vic: "nothing could outmatch that joyous thunder when we are met for the christening, and Garter proclaims: 'Here, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!'"

sudden rises, sudden falls. But I do not imagine the set would have satisfied Shakespearean playgoers of an earlier day. When I came back from the Vic, I turned up Clement Scott's first-night notice of the Irving "Henry the Eighth" at the Lyceum in 1892: "There are fourteen complete scenes, elaborately set. . . . A gorgeously-equipped scene, complete with furniture, is changed to another, equally rich, in the twinkling of an eye." During the Vision, "angels present the Queen with the chaplet of St. Catherine." "We are shown a street at

Westminster, when the long-necked Queen Anne Boleyn is going to her Coronation . . . a marvellous picture of old London. Faces are seen at the casements and lattice windows. Garlands of roses are twined from house to house." And so on. It is a short enough step from old Lyceum to new Vic, over the bridge and down

Waterloo Road: it is a very long progress in stage fashion.

I noticed another passage in Clement Scott: Irving's Wolsey "is far more like Richelieu than the humble trader's son of Ipswich. . . . There is majesty in his lineaments, a little foxiness in the face, but the power is that of the lynx." This was nothing like Alexander Knox's burly, rubicund Wolsey at the Vic. He leaves us in no doubt of the man's origin. He has a kind of harsh bonhomie; the brains are there, but the Wolsey is not "a cultured and crafty ascetic." Moreover, he needs pathos: the Farewell falters. For all that, while Mr. Knox is on the stage, we do feel that he is a personage, not a cipher in a Cardinal's rose-flush robe. Henry the Eighth is hardly a part in the grand manner. Paul Rogers, without too much bluff-and-tough swagger, tries hard to make it appear one, and succeeds often, thanks to his flexible diction and his way of acting with his eyes (as all actors should). Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies knows her Katharine: at first hearing, you wonder if her voice will grate before the night is out, but it proves to be a subtly-tuned reed: the death-scene is affecting enough to fix the house in silence.

There are lucid small studies—for one, William Squire's Cranmer, allowed to speak directly, without producer's jesting. But when I summon this "Henry the Eighth" in years ahead, I shall think not of Wolsey, that "scarlet sin," not of Henry, not even of Katharine, wax-pale at Kimbolton, but of the Duke of Buckingham, "mirror of all courtesy," as he is spoken by Leo Genn. Here is a noble sorrow: the one occasion in the revival that does "send a momentary wave of coldness across the face" is that when the Duke, in the last hours of his weary life, reaches the lines:

When you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. . . .

We do not observe any sadness at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, with King Magnus on the throne. He is Shaw's monarch of an England-to-be who understands the needs of government, and whose way with his Cabinet is still searching comedy. "The Apple Cart" seems to have been revived for Noël Coward to



"SHAW'S MONARCH OF AN ENGLAND-TO-BE WHO UNDERSTANDS THE NEEDS OF GOVERNMENT, AND WHOSE WAY WITH HIS CABINET IS STILL SEARCHING COMEDY": NOËL COWARD AS KING MAGNUS IN A SCENE FROM "THE APPLE CART," WITH MARGARET LEIGHTON AS ORINTIA. THE SETTINGS AND COSTUMES ARE BY LOUDON SAINTHILL.

solemnly-tripping personages, gold-vizarded, carrying bays or palms. And what a relief to lose them! This can be the flummery of masque. All we want is the sleeping Katharine's rapture as the "spirits of peace" move before her; it is suggested, beautifully, by Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies. Indeed, the quiet scene at Kimbolton, with its last-leaf melancholy, is one of the night's pleasures. I think of it now more warmly than of the processions (strongly-marshalled though these are), the dancing at York Place and the single "discharge of chambers" that recalls to us the dire Globe première, when the theatre was destroyed by a similar discharge (and someone in the audience extinguished his burning breeches in a drench of bottle-ale). Still, with Guthrie to command, the Old Vic spectacle is devised as richly as may be, even if we wish that, in manœuvring his crowds on the edge of the apron-stage, he would avoid "masking." The best comes last: nothing could outmatch that joyous thunder when we are met for the christening, and Garter proclaims: "Here,



"SHAW'S KING MAGNUS ON HIS ROYAL PROGRESS, WITH NOËL COWARD SMOOTHING ALONG THE WISDOM AND WIT OF THAT SHAVIAN MONARCH": "THE APPLE CART" (HAYMARKET), SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT I, WITH (L. TO R.) BALBUS (HUGH MANNING); NICOBAR (JOHN MOFFATT); CRASSUS (PETER BAYLISS); BOANERGES (GEORGE ROSE); PROTEUS (LAURENCE NAISMITH); PLINY (ARCHIBALD BAYLISS) AND (SITTING) LYSTRATA (MARGARET RAWLINGS); KING MAGNUS (NOËL COWARD) AND AMANDA (BETTY WARREN).

play Magnus. Superficially, it is an exact performance, though—in spite of Mr. Coward's poise and charm—I cannot believe that he could say of Magnus's long speech, as we felt Cedric Hardwicke might have done: "Still 'tis beating in my mind." But Mr. Coward manages cleverly; he does much to help us through the unfortunate Interlude, never good Shaw. I enjoyed Margaret Rawlings's Lysistrata, the dear Queen Jemima of Alexis France, and Cecil Trouncer, benignly complacent as the American Ambassador.

Finally, Cicely Courtneidge is enthroned in comic state at the Piccadilly in a revue, "Over the Moon." Without her efflorescent exuberance it might be a mournful affair. When she is on the stage it is a full and generous midsummer day. We do not realise, until we are at home again, how uneasy we might have felt without Miss Courtneidge's springing voice and her comedy manner—"all clinquant, all in gold." Even so, I do not think that an imitation of Mr. Coward is within her range.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" (Mermaid, Royal Exchange).—Arden rubs shoulders with the Bank of England. An agreeably-conceived, if tentative, performance in Bernard Miles's elaborate suggestion of a "gorgeous playing place." (May 4.)
 "COSI FAN TUTTE" (Sadler's Wells).—An elegant Mozart revival. (May 5.)
 "HENRY THE EIGHTH" (Old Vic).—For a Royal occasion in Waterloo Road, Tyrone Guthrie has set the Shakespeare-Fletcher chronicle moving in splendour across the Old Vic stage. The acting is not borne down; and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies's dying Katharine, Leo Genn's "noble, ruin'd Buckingham," and Paul Rogers's King come through vividly. (May 6.)
 "IN THE LAP OF THE GODS" (New Lindsey).—A useful intimate revue, much better than its forerunner. (May 6.)
 "THE APPLE CART" (Haymarket).—Shaw's King Magnus on his Royal progress, with Noël Coward smoothing along the wisdom and wit of that Shavian monarch. (May 7.)
 "OVER THE MOON" (Piccadilly).—Cicely Courtneidge saves this revue by sheer high spirits. (May 7.)
 "BRITANNICUS" (St. James's).—The Comédie-Française turns from Molière to Racine in a production of great dignity. (May 11.)

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**MR. PAUL WILLIAMS.**

Gained a notable victory for the Conservative Party by winning the by-election at Sunderland South from the Socialists on May 13. It is the first time that a Government has won an Opposition seat at a by-election since 1924. Mr. Williams had a majority of 1,175 votes in a three-cornered fight. The Liberal candidate forfeited his deposit.

**AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR WILFRID FREEMAN.**

Died on May 15, aged sixty-four. He took a leading part in guiding and developing the aircraft industry of Great Britain. From 1942-45 he was Chief Executive at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, where he co-ordinated and directed the production, research and development sides of the department.

**AIR MARSHAL SIR T. ELMHIRST.**

Appointed Lieut.-Governor of Guernsey in succession to Lieut.-General Sir Philip Neame, V.C., whose term of office expires on October 15. Air Marshal Elmhirst entered the Royal Navy in 1913 and transferred to the R.A.F. on its formation in 1918. From 1948 until retirement in 1950 he was Chief of Staff and C-in-C., Royal Indian Air Force.

**DR. ALEXANDER FLECK.**

Elected chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, in succession to Mr. John Rogers, who will be seventy-five on May 24 and is resigning from the board on June 30. Dr. Fleck has been actively associated with the company and its predecessors since 1917, and was elected a deputy chairman in December, 1950.

**THE EARL OF CROMER.**

Died on May 13, aged seventy-five. A diplomat, soldier, banker and courtier, he was Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household from 1922 to 1938. In his capacity as censor of plays he gained a reputation for accessibility, courtesy and sympathy. During World War II, he was chairman of the British Red Cross and St. John War Organisation.

**M. GILBERT GRANDVAL.**

It was widely expected that M. Grandval, the French Ambassador in the Saar, would be appointed Commissioner-General in Indo-China at the same time as General Navarre was appointed Commander-in-Chief. But it was announced in Paris on May 10 that the decision had been indefinitely postponed. According to reports he is reluctant to accept the post unless he is given fuller powers.

**MISS MABEL LOVE.**

Died on May 15, aged seventy-eight. An actress, vocalist and dancer, Miss Love made her debut in "Alice in Wonderland" in 1886; and appeared subsequently with success in burlesque, melodrama, light opera, pantomime and straight comedy; and as a dancer in London, on tour, in Paris and New York. She left the stage to teach, and returned in 1938 to play Mary Goss in "Profit and Loss."

**SENATOR MCCARTHY.**

On May 14 he launched one of the bitterest attacks on Britain ever heard in the U.S. Senate, in which he urged Britain to withdraw from the Korean War "and be damned"; this followed an abusive commentary on Press reports of a speech by Mr. Attlee. His attitude has been strongly criticised in the United States, and a message condemning him was read out in twelve Boston churches.

**GENERAL NAVARRE.**

Appointed Supreme Commander in Indo-China in succession to General Salan, and he left Paris for Saigon on May 17. General Navarre, who is fifty-four, has until recently been Chief of Staff to Marshal Juin at S.H.A.P.E. He was head of the German section of French Military Intelligence in 1939; and in 1943 he became head of the Resistance Movement's Intelligence service in France.



TO RETURN TO THE U.S. AS THE ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF: GENERAL RIDGWAY, NOW SUPREME COMMANDER IN EUROPE.



TO SUCCEED GENERAL RIDGWAY AS SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER IN EUROPE: GENERAL GRUENTHER, WHO HAS BEEN CHIEF OF STAFF SINCE S.H.A.P.E. WAS ESTABLISHED MORE THAN TWO YEARS AGO.

As a result of a reshuffle of the American Service Chiefs, announced by President Eisenhower on May 12, General Ridgway, the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, will return to the U.S. as the Army Chief of Staff, in place of General Collins, and will be succeeded in Europe by General Gruenther, at present his Chief of Staff. Admiral Radford, at present C-in-C. in the Pacific, will be the first



TO SUCCEED GENERAL VANDENBERG AS CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE: GENERAL NATHAN TWINING.



TO BE U.S. CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS IN SUCCESSION TO ADMIRAL FECHTELER: ADMIRAL CARNEY.

As a result of a reshuffle of the American Service Chiefs, announced by President Eisenhower on May 12, General Ridgway, the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, will return to the U.S. as the Army Chief of Staff, in place of General Collins, and will be succeeded in Europe by General Gruenther, at present his Chief of Staff. Admiral Radford, at present C-in-C. in the Pacific, will be the first



TO BE CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF IN SUCCESSION TO GENERAL BRADLEY: ADMIRAL RADFORD.

sailor to be chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in succession to General Bradley. Admiral Carney, now C-in-C. Allied Forces, Southern Europe, under General Ridgway, will succeed Admiral Fechteler as Chief of Naval Operations. The appointment of a new Air Chief of Staff, General Nathan Twining, to succeed General Vandenberg, was announced earlier.



AN exhibition devoted to the pre-T'ang wares of China (the T'ang Dynasty lasted from A.D. 618-907) has an austere sound, not immediately to be associated with the joys of spring or of a Coronation summer. If, however, before June 10, when the show ends, you take the trouble to penetrate to the basement at 48, Davies Street, which houses the Oriental Ceramic Society, you will find yourself in company which can be described as moderately jolly. Certainly anyone who is liable to be awed by archaeological erudition can take heart. While some of the objects shown may, at first sight, appear greyly incomprehensible, a very large number are members of a singularly cheerful menagerie. There is a lion scratching his head in an ecstasy of bliss, a fool of a dog saying "Woof!"; an extremely haughty pheasant-like creature straight out of Edmond Rostand's play "Chanticleer," a bear sitting up on his haunches, and various other animals, to prove once again that the Chinese of 2000 years ago had a keen sense of humour and acute powers of observation. Indeed, looking at these tomb figures with, I hope, an unprejudiced eye, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that funerals were, in Han times—and presumably both earlier and later—very much enjoyed by all concerned. Certainly the dead were accompanied on their last journey by a singularly cheerful retinue and this

triumphant and beautiful craft, and already a lead glaze and a felspathic glaze have been evolved. The former has been admired in Europe for many years partly because of the iridescent degradation which affects it after long burial. The latter's origin is more mysterious, and may possibly reach back to more than 1500 years before the Han period. (Han Dynasty: 206 B.C. -A.D. 220.)

This theory was put forward by a Chinese scholar in a letter to Professor Yetts twenty years ago, and was based upon the evidence of certain pottery vessels found in the Shang - Yin capital of Anyang. Analysis showed that the glaze was felspathic—i.e., a hard glaze made from quartz with a fluxing agent

for reproducing in the cheaper and more fragile material the characteristic shapes of bronze vessels. We owe nearly the whole exhibition to the custom of the Chinese of providing the dead with all the necessary

furniture for a comfortable residence in the spirit world and they showed great good sense in palming off the dear departed with these bronze-shaped vessels in the less expensive pottery; we are told that by the Han period even the Imperial tombs were provided with these substitutes as well as with bronze vessels. If your taste is towards archaeological speculation, this period can provide a good deal of fun, because, to quote Mr. Gray, "There is still so much to learn from excavation in China, that no final dating decision based on negative evidence is possible, and we are even worse off for evidence of the four hundred years of the Six Dynasties which intervened between Han and T'ang."

If you find this lack of evidence an insuperable obstacle to further study, the things themselves exist as works of art in their own right and irrespective of their material or their date. I would suggest, for example, that the hunting scenes round the shoulder of the vase of Fig. 4 can stand comparison with any hunting scene from Sassanian or Greek art; it has a swift, flowing rhythm which is nicely balanced by the semi-stylised animals—and if we didn't know it was Chinese, we could be forgiven, surely, for indulging in a little ignorant speculation of our own and talking

about the Parthians shooting from their horses' backs as they retreated. If this beautifully observed and vigorous movement makes us think, however mistakenly, of the Near East at about the beginning of the Han period, when Rome was waging her interminable war with Parthia, the tile of Fig. 1 is like a rough translation from a Persian manuscript. I would like someone to tell me the story connected with it. The tile is unglazed with remains of red and white pigmentation, and comes from Lo-yang, in Honan. It bears an impressed design of a winged horse and tree in which a bird is perched. What is this Chinese Pegasus doing? And has he come to this far land all the way from the basin of the Mediterranean via the Red Sea and Indian Ocean—I mean the idea of him—or is the idea of a winged horse a normal thing in most countries of the world? But this highly stylised and formal composition is one thing—the animal figurines are another. I suppose it can be said that these are rather trivial, low-class objects, because their authors, instead of showing their subjects as they really are—that is, serious and unfunny—have given them just that twist which provides them with human characteristics. It is true enough: this lion is not noble, this bear (Fig. 3) is asking for more porridge, this dog (Fig. 2) is an idiot—and, by the way, ill-bred, or his tail would not curl like that. So what? Merely this. They were not made to conform to these admirable high-class notions, but to comfort the dead, and this includes the noble animal which has three tooth-shaped projections instead of a mane and is referred to unofficially as a *triceratops*, a cross between a rhino and a dinosaur. The catalogue unkindly labels him "monster" (No. 21).



FIG. 1. BEARING AN IMPRESSED DESIGN OF A WINGED HORSE AND TREE IN WHICH A BIRD IS PERCHED: A TILE FROM A TOMB, HAN DYNASTY (B.C. 206-A.D. 220), FROM LO-YANG, HONAN. (Length, 18 ins.; height, 16 ins.)

This tile from a tomb, with an impressed design of a winged horse and tree in which a bird is perched, is unglazed with remains of red and white pigmentation. It comes from Lo-yang, Honan. [Lent by Mrs. Waller Sedgwick.]

such as wood-ash. The case seems proved if it was certain that this glazing was deliberate and not accidental. If it was deliberate, it is odd that so many centuries elapsed before it became normal practice. This, and many other problems,



FIG. 3. WITH IRIDESCENT GREEN GLAZE: A SQUATTING BEAR IN HIGH RELIEF PROBABLY A SUPPORT. HAN DYNASTY (B.C. 206-A.D. 220). (Height, 5 ins.)

This bear sitting up on his haunches proves "once again that the Chinese of 2000 years ago had a keen sense of humour and acute powers of observation." [Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Gure.]



FIG. 2. TWO TOMB FIGURES OF THE WEI DYNASTY (A.D. 386-557): A PHEASANT, ONE OF A PAIR (Height, 8 ins.); AND A CROUCHING DOG (Length, 7½ ins.).

Both these tomb figures of the Wei Dynasty are of grey pottery with red pigmentation and are, according to Frank Davis, "members of a singularly cheerful menagerie." They are on view at the Loan Exhibition of Pre-T'ang Wares at 48, Davies Street, arranged by the Oriental Ceramic Society, which is described on this page. [The pheasant, one of a pair lent by Lord Cunliffe; the dog lent by Sir Alan and Lady Barlow.]

adjective can be applied as much to the animals as to the human beings. Even the camels are smiling, though, to be sure, disdainfully; but as, if I am not mistaken, they are rarely found in tomb furniture before the T'ang Dynasty, that is scarcely relevant to the present exhibition. Certainly the other creatures are caught, as it were, at their most vivacious, while the humans seem to be sharing some secret and slightly indelicate joke among themselves—indeed, the only tomb figurines I can call to mind off-hand who look appropriately funereal are some poor little bearded men with extra large noses (obviously strangers who have journeyed across the deserts from some Semitic country of origin) who are very definitely sorrowful, not because they are grieving for the dead, but because they are fed up and far from home. As to the rest, perhaps they smile because the living grooms and musicians and concubines are congratulating themselves that the venerable custom of killing the members of the deceased man's household and burying them with him has been abandoned. How old-fashioned citizens, with a proper sense of what was owed to the ancestral spirits, must have shaken their heads and murmured something about the country going to the dogs when that reform was instituted!

While these and other similar light-hearted reflections will doubtless occur to the average visitor he will, I think, miss a good deal if he looks no further, for this kind of show is a great deal more than an elaborate exposition of how the Chinese would have organised a Noah's Ark had they ever heard of Noah. It is the latest exhibition of a series which started in 1946, and which has now covered the whole range of Chinese ceramics. Here are the beginnings of that



FIG. 4. DECORATED WITH A FRIEZE OF VIGOROUS HUNTING SCENES: A VASE OF BALUSTER SHAPE, BLACK BODY UNGLAZED WITH REMAINS OF PIGMENTATION. HAN DYNASTY (B.C. 206-A.D. 220). (Height, 11½ ins.)

"... the hunting scenes round the shoulder of the vase of Fig. 4 can stand comparison with any hunting scene from Sassanian or Greek art; it has a swift, flowing rhythm which is nicely balanced by the semi-stylised animals..." writes Frank Davis of this vase.

[Lent by Sir Herbert Ingram, Bart.]

are discussed by Mr. Basil Gray in the introduction to the catalogue.

Another circumstance which will be immediately obvious to anyone who has even a nodding acquaintance with early bronzes is the fondness of the potters

POLITICAL, DIPLOMATIC AND CORONATION NEWS: A SCULPTOR AT WORK, AND FREEDOM AGAIN.



MR. WILLIAM OATIS RELEASED: THE AMERICAN JOURNALIST (BOW TIE) SENTENCED IN 1951 TO TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT IN PRAGUE, REACHES GERMANY *EN ROUTE* FOR HOME. Mr. William Oatis, an American journalist sentenced in Prague in July 1951, on charges of espionage, to ten years' imprisonment, was "brought under the amnesty" recently decreed in Czechoslovakia, and has been released. It was further stated that a request sent by Mrs. Oatis seeking a pardon had been granted by the Czechoslovak President. Mr. Oatis arrived in Frankfurt on May 17, and was due to leave that evening by air for New York. He looked strained, but did not complain of his treatment in prison.



THE FEDERAL GERMAN CHANCELLOR WITH THE PRIME MINISTER AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, WHERE HE LUNCHEDED ON MAY 15 AFTER A CONFERENCE: DR. ADENAUER AND SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL. Dr. Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor, concluded his two-day visit to this country as the guest of the British Government on May 16; and before leaving expressed his satisfaction with the results of his stay. On May 15 he had conversations with the Prime Minister; Mr. Selwyn Lloyd; and senior Foreign Office officials at No. 10, Downing Street; and subsequently lunched with Sir Winston and Lady Churchill privately, the only other guest being Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, British High Commissioner in Germany, and Permanent Under-Secretary of State-designate, Foreign Office.



REPATRIATED FROM INTERNMENT IN NORTH KOREA: A PARTY OF SEVEN AMERICAN CIVILIANS, ON ARRIVAL AT TEMPELHOF AIRFIELD, BERLIN, ON THEIR WAY HOME. Seven American civilians repatriated from internment in North Korea arrived in Moscow on May 11, having made the journey by trans-Siberian express, and proceeded by air to Berlin, *en route* for home. The party consisted of five missionaries, a Roman Catholic priest, and a former State department employee. From left to right our group shows the Rev. W. R. Booth, Mr. C. Jensen, Mr. L. A. Zellers, Miss Mary Rosser, Miss B. A. Smith, Mr. N. A. Dyer and Mr. Louis Dans.



APPOINTED AMBASSADOR AND PLENIPOTENTIARY IN MOSCOW, AND APPOINTED AS K.C.M.G.: MR. WILLIAM G. HAYTER, WITH MRS. HAYTER. Mr. William G. Hayter, aged forty-six, who has been British Minister in Paris since 1949, has been appointed British Ambassador to Russia, in succession to Sir Alvary Gascoigne, who will shortly be retiring; and has also been appointed a Knight Commander in the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The Ambassador-designate was *en poste* in Moscow as Second Secretary from 1934-37. He has also served in China, Washington and at the Foreign Office.



STAND-IN FOR HER MAJESTY AT CORONATION REHEARSALS: THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, WIFE OF THE EARL MARSHAL. The Duchess of Norfolk, wife of the Earl Marshal, took the part of the Queen at the second Coronation Service rehearsal in Westminster Abbey on May 15. She sat on an ordinary chair in place of the Coronation Chair, while the Archbishop of Canterbury went through the act of fealty on behalf of the Lords Spiritual, and Sir Eric Mieville as the Duke of Edinburgh made the act of allegiance.



AT WORK ON HIS BRONZE MODEL OF KING GEORGE V.'S SHIRE STALLION FIELD MARSHAL V.: MR. HERBERT HASELTINE. Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce works from Mr. Herbert Haseltine's Exhibition of Sculpture, due to open on May 28 at Messrs. Frank Partridge's Galleries in New Bond Street, in aid of King George VI's Memorial Fund. Our photograph shows the sculptor at work on his bronze model of King George V.'s stallion *Field Marshal V.*, which he has presented to the British War Relief Fund. The exhibits include a collection of models of British champion animals.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IT is many years ago since I first heard the dawn chorus. Not until two years ago did I pay it particular attention. It was an Easter week-end, and I had been asked to find someone to appear in a television programme to speak on the subject. This seemed easy enough, and I gave a promise that I would guarantee a person should be present in the studio at the stated time. It turned out that the task was greater than I had anticipated. Numerous telephone calls failed to produce anyone who could, or would, accept the invitation. As the time drew near, it became increasingly evident that to fulfil my promise there was only one thing to do. It was then, with the possibility of being catechised before the revealing camera, that I started, in a mild panic, another round of telephone calls, in the hope of amplifying my meagre knowledge on the subject, only to find that even some eminent ornithologists seemed to know no more about it than I did.

This problem is incapable of direct attack. It can only be solved by listening and putting two and two together. Since the chorus should be more properly called the pre-dawn chorus, its study is apt to make stern demands on one's personal comfort. In case it may not be immediately clear what this dawn chorus is, let me describe how I listened to it, once again, three days ago. Being awake at four-thirty in the morning—the sun rising on that day at 5.22 a.m.—I heard all the birds in the neighbourhood singing; in the distance so it seemed, from the comfort of my bed.

Getting up, I leaned out of the window to listen. In the garden beneath, the notes of the blackbirds, thrushes, great tits and a few others were readily recognisable as individual songs. Beyond the limits of the garden the medley of song rose and fell, like an invisible gossamer of sound over the whole countryside. No matter how well the birds may sing at any other time of the day, there is never another time when so many sing so loud and so long as in this truly fantastic chorus that precedes and heralds the dawn. I listened intently for an hour, by which time the chorus was showing signs of diminution. It continued for perhaps half an hour longer, during which time individual birds could be seen breaking off their song to feed as assiduously as they had sung. By 6.30 the silence seemed as unreal as the chorus had been. Breakfast in the bird world was in full swing.

The barnyard cockerels participated in the chorus. Half-a-dozen were audible to me at various distances. The one nearest at hand I was able to time. He crowed regularly, at almost precisely 15-second intervals, throughout an hour. The other significant observation was that every second throughout almost an hour, I could hear three calls of *cuckoo*. This could have been three cuckoos calling every second or six cuckoos calling at two-second intervals. Fortunately, one had the peculiar call of *cuck-cuckoo*, and since the volume and tone of this call did not vary, it could only have come from one bird. So that cuckoo called solidly every second for forty-nine minutes before it began to ease off and call at irregular intervals of a few seconds, and finally to cease calling. To utter *cuck-cuckoo* every second for nearly an hour

THE DAWN CHORUS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

—over 3000 times altogether—is the measure of how sustained is this dawn chorus.

Modern research has established that bird-song is primarily for use in the breeding season, for establishing a claim to a territory, for marking its boundaries and for advertising to the female, in the pairing season, the presence of a male in possession of a territory. The volume of song waxes and wanes with all species during the course of the year, reaching its peak

in the breeding season. This is correlated with the ripening and recession of the gonads. On the other hand, some birds sing almost the year round. The robin, for example, is off song for a relatively short period in late autumn, and it holds its territory

practically throughout the year.

completely throughout the year than the robin. Song is therefore not sharply and wholly linked with occupation of a territory, nor any other of the things mentioned. It is, of course, used to intimidate a rival, adversary, intruder, or foe, but this again is largely linked with the possession of a territory.

Another factor to be considered, in our analysis of the dawn chorus, is the effect of weather conditions. It is noticeable in the spring that the chorus has not its full volume on a dull morning, or a cold morning. Here, again, it is not easy to see what is involved. A cold, bright morning gives a better chorus than a mild, gloomy one. Temperature, and the quality of daylight must have their influence, but we do not know their relative contributions. One can but make the general remark that on those mornings when we, the human beings, feel it is good to be alive,

the dawn chorus of birds will be at its best. When one gets up reluctantly to await the dawn chorus, it is almost certain to be below its maximum.

One very important point that needs stressing is that there is a dawn chorus, of sorts, all the year round. I have heard, on mornings in January and February, in clear, crisp weather, the resident birds singing at dawn or before in such a way as vividly to recall the spring dawn chorus. Similarly, on fine summer mornings, which are outside the breeding season, the same thing may occur.

The factor of imitation or rivalry, or both, cannot be ignored. I recall a morning in the gardens of Hampton Court Palace, a misty, dreary morning in late December, when a blackbird struck up in loud song. Immediately, a thrush, a robin and a wren joined in and for a space of ten minutes this small orchestra made the group of half-a-dozen trees seem an oasis of light and hope in the bleak surroundings.

In my opinion, the dawn chorus is a phenomenon continuous all the year round. It waxes as the breeding season approaches, when the factors of territoriality and breeding physiology are on the increase. The volume is swollen by the arrival of the migrants to add their voices to those of the residents. It is influenced in its volume by meteorological conditions; and the intensity is increased by the factor of imitation and rivalry, one songster trying to outdo the next. Even so, there is something missing. Why should all these things be operative at dawn or pre-dawn especially? Why do children make more noise first thing in the morning? Why do people sing in the bath? Why do we yawn and stretch on rising? These all have a common basis, the warming-up of the living motor. A bird, with its body filled with air-sacs, accessory breathing organs, needs to get them into trim for the day ahead. It is the equivalent of the dozen deep breaths by an open window on rising indulged in by some human beings. Add to this that the night's rest has allowed the accumulation of energy; and put all factors together and we surely have the reason for the dawn chorus.

Howling monkeys, we are told, delight to sit in the tree-tops and howl in chorus at sunrise and sunset. Birds, too, have their evensong, less remarkable than the dawn chorus, but still marked. At this time of the year we hear it from about sunset, continuing for about an hour. Man sings in his morning bath and holds concerts in the evening. Young children, if not inhibited, raise the roof at dawn and love a romp before retiring. Man and the animals have, in some things, a strong bond in common.



A THREAT DISPLAY TOWARDS A RIVAL OR ADVERSARY: A COCK NIGHTINGALE IN THE CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE OF DEFIANCE.

The sweet notes of the nightingale have, at least partly, a utilitarian value to the singer. Bird-song has the primary purpose of announcing the possession of a territory, advertising the presence of the cock to a passing hen, and, used in conjunction with the display of wings and of tail, a threat display towards a rival or adversary.



SINGING AND DISPLAYING IN A "THREAT" POSTURE: A COCK BLACKCAP. THE GAPE VARIES WITH THE SPECIES AND SOME BIRDS SING WITH NO PERCEPTIBLE PARTING OF THE MANDIBLES.

The combination of song with other features of the threat display are here more obvious in the picture of the nightingale. The other interesting point is to compare the narrower gape with the very wide gape of the nightingale.

At the same time, there are a number of our native species that sing (with a full song or a sub-song) more

THE CORONATION OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

THE beautifully-reproduced Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* recording the last three Coronations have proved to be abiding souvenirs of so great an occasion—treasured for their power of evoking those moments of history when a British Sovereign dedicates himself to the service of his people.

Aspects of the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, and a record of the ceremony itself will appear in two Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* (issued on May 30 and June 6), forming a souvenir of the occasion of the greatest interest.

THESE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS WILL BE SENT AT NO EXTRA COST TO ALL WHO TAKE OUT A YEAR'S POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION BEFORE MAY 30.

Orders for one year's subscription for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall manager or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent. The rates are as follows: Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number). United Kingdom, £5 16s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

UNCOVERING AN EVEN OLDER EGYPT.

REVELATIONS FROM A NEWLY-DISCOVERED ROYAL TOMB OF 5000 YEARS AGO.



FIG. 1. THE EAST FAÇADE OF THE FIRST DYNASTY ROYAL TOMB NEWLY DISCOVERED AT SAKKARA. THE BULLS' HEADS ARE MODELLED FROM CLAY, BUT THE HORNS ARE ACTUAL HORNS.



FIG. 2. THE UNIQUE BULLS' HEAD FRIEZE OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED TOMB OF THE REIGN OF UADJI, ONE OF THE EARLIEST KINGS OF EGYPT'S FIRST DYNASTY, FROM ABOVE.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS OLDER THAN TUTANKHAMUN : A ROYAL TOMB OF THE FIRST DYNASTY AND FOURTH MILLENIUM.

Overleaf Professor W. B. Emery discusses the remarkable discoveries he has recently made at Sakkara, while directing excavations by the Egypt Exploration Society (working on behalf of the Egyptian Antiquities Service). These excavations were concerned with uncovering a large tomb in the Archaic cemetery at North Sakkara, and this tomb can be dated precisely to the reign of King Uadji, one of the earliest kings of the First Dynasty—and in view of the social state of that

period it is almost certainly the tomb of Uadji himself. The most remarkable feature of the exterior of the tomb is the continuous frieze of bulls' heads of sun-dried clay, illustrated above. The panelled façade of the tomb itself, and the step on which the bulls' heads stand, were originally plastered white; while the passage immediately in front of the bulls' muzzles was painted green. In the following pages we reproduce many photographs of this outstanding discovery.

AN EGYPTIAN ROYAL TOMB 1500 YEARS BEFORE TUTANKHAMUN: A MAJOR DISCOVERY IN THE ARCHAIC CEMETERY OF NORTH SAKKARA.

By Professor W. B. EMERY, *Edwards Professor of Egyptology in the University of London and Director of the Excavations.*

THE Egypt Exploration Society, working on behalf of the Egyptian Antiquities Service, has been conducting excavations throughout January, February and March this year in the archaic cemetery of North Sakkara. In undertaking this work the Society resumes the excavations carried out by the writer for the Egyptian Antiquities Service at Sakkara in the years before the war and during the seasons 1945 and 1946, which resulted in the discoveries of the tomb of the Vizier Hemaka and other great burials of the period of King Hor-Aha, King Zer and Queen Merneith. (See *The Illustrated London News* of Jan. 2, and Feb. 27, 1937; Feb. 12, 1938; Jan. 14 and May 20, 1939.)

The Archaic Cemetery of North Sakkara contains many large mud-brick tombs of the first three dynasties of Egypt, and from the evidence found in previous seasons it has been considered possible, or even probable, that some of the larger tombs were actually the burials of the kings of the First Dynasty. The result of this season's work adds considerable support to this possibility. Work was begun in the area immediately south of the tomb of Queen Merneith, which was discovered in 1946. The first objective was to discover whether there were any further subsidiary burials or other adjuncts connected with the Queen's tomb. Shortly after the excavations began, a crenellated wall, typical of the tombs of the early First Dynasty, came to light and it was clear that a further large mud-brick tomb lay close to the burial complex of Merneith. The results of the subsequent excavation have revealed that it is a tomb dated to the reign of Uadji, the successor of Zer, who ruled Egypt about 3100 B.C.

The brick superstructure of the tomb (Figs. 1-4, 7-9), approximately 51 metres long and 21 metres wide (about 55½ by 23 yards), with its panelled exterior, is larger and more elaborate in design than those previously discovered and gives further and most valuable evidence of the rapid development of architectural design during the first hundred years of Egypt's dynastic history. Within this great superstructure are forty-five magazines built above ground-level, from which many interesting objects were recovered, including inscribed ivory and wooden labels, fragments of wooden furniture, pottery and stone vessels of alabaster, schist and diorite.

A feature of the superstructure which has previously not been found in other tombs of this period is the low bench which runs round the base of the panelled exterior on all four sides. On this bench has been modelled a series of bulls' heads (Figs. 1-2) made of sun-dried clay; into these clay heads real horns were inserted and the heads were kept in position by wooden pegs. The purpose of the bulls' heads is not yet

clear; they may have formed an architectural embellishment, or have served as a magical protection for the tomb; or they may have been tokens of sacrifice.

The superstructure was surrounded by a white plastered enclosure wall (Fig. 9), and the pavement of the corridor between it and the bulls'-head bench was painted green.

The substructure consists of a large central burial chamber, four subsidiary rooms and sixteen subterranean magazines built beneath those of the superstructure (Fig. 3). The burial chamber was originally

and æsthetic sense. Some conception of the richness of the burial is shown by the fact that even in its ravaged state the tomb contained the fragments of over 1000 stone vessels of alabaster, schist, diorite, crystal and basalt, and over 3000 pottery vessels of various types. A large number of jar sealings and labels bear the name of King Uadji (Figs. 5, 6, 22, 26), and it is probable that the tomb belonged to him or to some important member of his family. The tomb was first plundered, shortly after burial, by tunnelling below the superstructure. To cover the evidence of their sacrilege, the robbers appear to have deliberately fired the burial chamber which, in the confined space without any outlet, smouldered for weeks and, with the ultimate destruction of the wooden roofing, caused the

collapse of the middle of the vast superstructure, with its magazines and rubble filling. This firing of the burial chamber by the robbers is a common feature, and has been noted in other great tombs of the early First Dynasty at Sakkara, Abydos and Nagadeh. With the smaller burial chambers of Uadji's predecessors, the collapse of the roof of the burnt-out room would probably not affect the mass of the superstructure above it, and the violation of the tomb would thus remain undetected. But the fall of a roof covering so large an area, as was the case in the present tomb, would soon show in the inevitable subsidence of the superstructure, and the violation of the tomb would become apparent. Evidence was found which showed that the burial chamber was remodelled and restored during the reign, and probably at the instance of King Ka-a,

last Pharaoh of the First Dynasty. This reconstruction was principally confined to the ravaged burial chamber, but some of the subterranean magazines, disturbed and robbed by the plunderers, were refilled with food stores and objects bearing the name of Ka-a (Figs. 4, 8).

Beyond the enclosure walls, on the south, east and west sides of the tomb, were a series of sixty-two subsidiary graves, which contained the bodies of servants killed to accompany their master into the next world (Figs. 3, 9, 10, 12). Running parallel with the façade of the superstructure, the rows of graves were formed by a trench which was divided by cross walls into separate pits. The dead servants were buried in a contracted position in wooden coffins, surrounded with pottery vessels containing food and wine and other objects, probably indicative of their particular occupation in the service of their master. After the mass burial the graves, which were roofed with wood, were filled in, and above each individual interment a low mud-brick superstructure with rounded top was built, each with its door on the south end of the east façade, through which the spirit of the sacrificed servant could emerge.

[Continued opposite.]

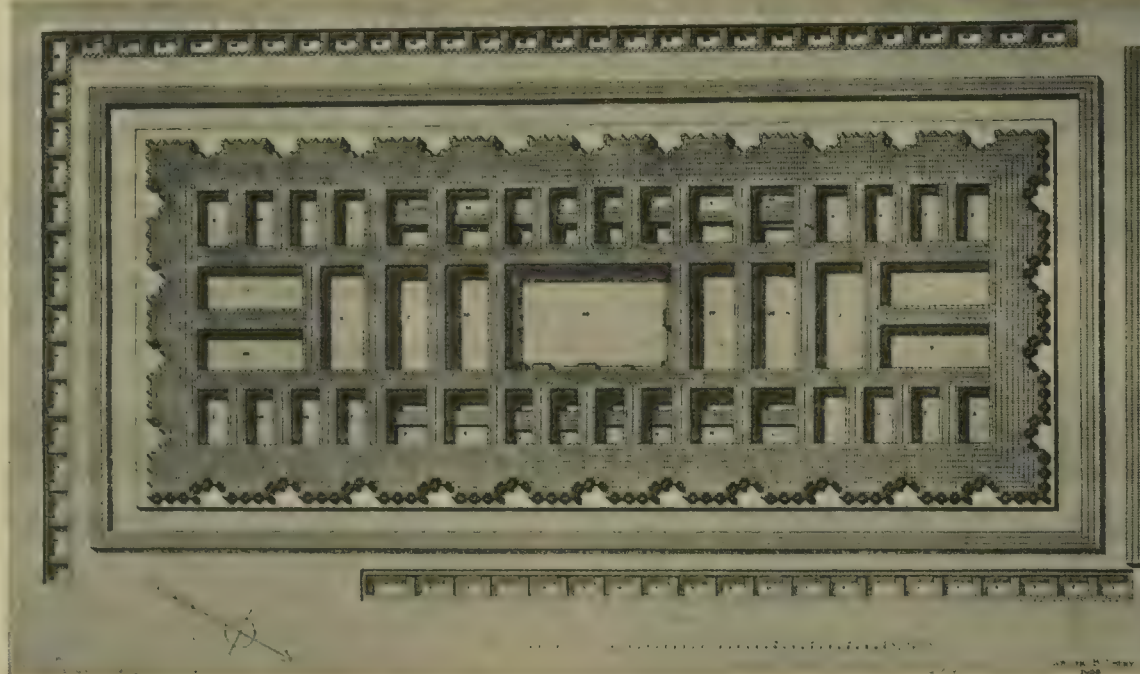


FIG. 3. A PLAN OF THE FIRST DYNASTY ROYAL TOMB, RECENTLY EXCAVATED AT SAKKARA, SHOWING (IN THE CENTRE) THE ACTUAL BURIAL CHAMBER, SURROUNDED BY MAGAZINES, STORED WITH GOODS FOR THE USE OF THE DEAD PHARAOH. ON THREE SIDES (TOP, BOTTOM AND LEFT) CAN BE SEEN THE SMALL TOMBS OF SERVANTS WHO WERE SLAIN, PROBABLY BY MEANS OF POISON, TO ACCOMPANY THEIR MASTER INTO THE OTHER WORLD.

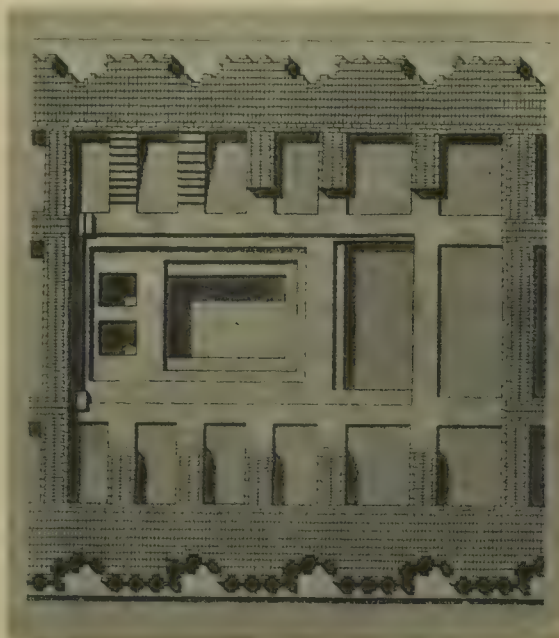


FIG. 4. WITHIN A FEW YEARS OF THE BURIAL THE CENTRAL TOMB OF FIG. 3 WAS ROBBED AND SET ON FIRE; AND IT WAS REBUILT BY THE PHARAOH KA-A IN THE FORM SHOWN IN THIS PLAN OF PART OF THE TOMB. SEE ALSO FIGS. 7 AND 8.

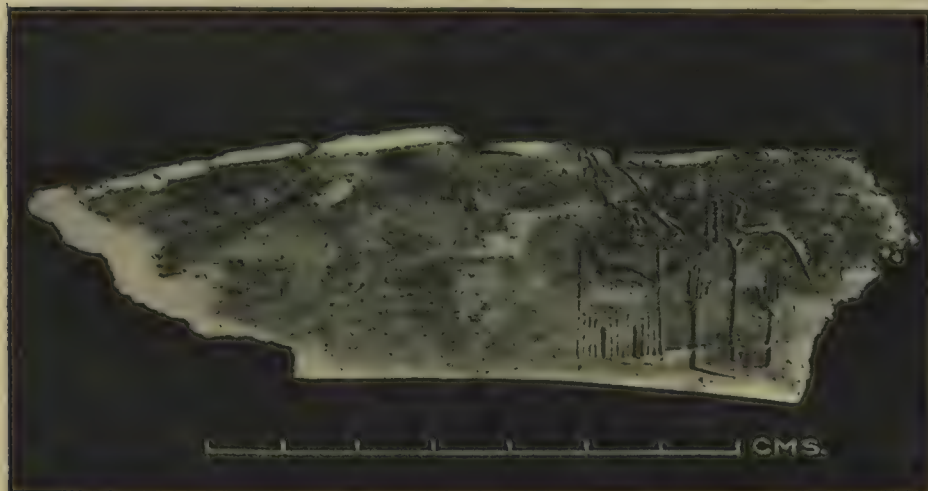


FIG. 5. A FRAGMENT OF IVORY FOUND IN THE TOMB, SHOWING THE BEAUTIFULLY-CARVED NAME OF KING UADJI (LEFT) FOLLOWED BY (RIGHT) AN AS YET UNDECIPHERED TITLE OF THE PHARAOH. A WORK OF GREAT DELICACY.

floored and roofed with wood, and the walls were covered with wooden paneling decorated with "bound reed" designs in gold-foil (Figs. 8, 11).

In ancient times the tomb had been robbed on several occasions, but even so, much material remains to testify to its original wealth. The ivory objects and pieces of carved woodwork and furniture found exhibit a high degree of craftsmanship, skill in design



FIG. 6. AN IVORY LABEL, FOUND IN ONE OF THE MAGAZINES OF THE TOMB. AT THE TOP LEFT IS THE HIEROGLYPH OF THE NAME OF KING UADJI.

A ROYAL TOMB ROBBED AND RESTORED, AND A "YORICK" OF 5000 YEARS AGO.

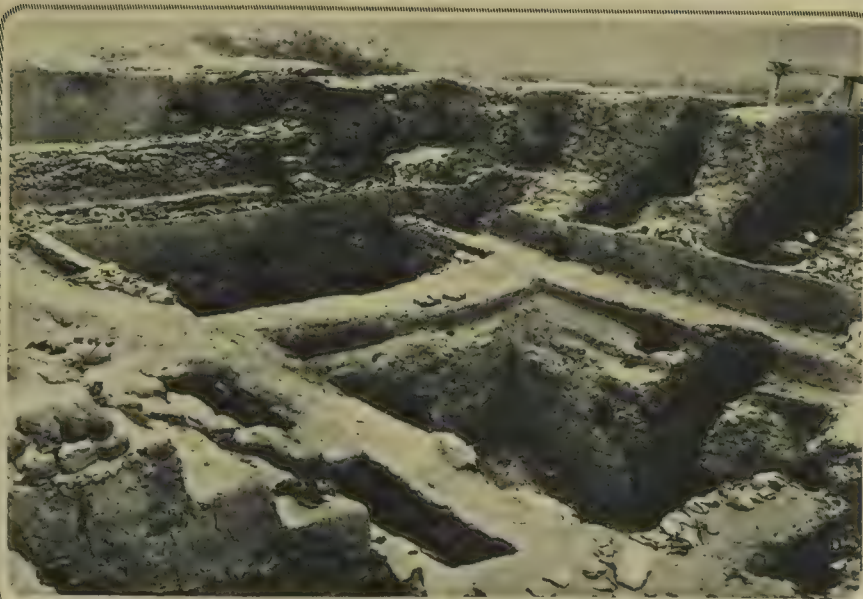


FIG. 7. LOOKING DOWN INTO THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED TOMB, DURING EXCAVATION. IN THE RIGHT CENTRE FOREGROUND IS THE SMALLER RESTORED BURIAL CHAMBER BUILT BY KING KA-A (SEE FIG. 4). IN THE MASS OF THE TOMB CAN BE SEEN TUNNELS BORED BY THE TOMB-ROBBERS, WHICH HAVE LEFT THE STRUCTURE "LIKE A GRUYÈRE CHEESE."



FIG. 8. THE CENTRAL BURIAL CHAMBER, AFTER THE RESTORATIONS OF KING KA-A HAD BEEN REMOVED BY THE EXCAVATORS. THE SMALL BUTTRESSES OR PILASTERS WERE ORIGINALLY COVERED WITH WOOD DECORATED WITH EMBOSSED GOLD-FOIL, THE RECESSES BEING PLASTERED. AFTER THE FIRST ROBBING OF THE TOMB, THIS CHAMBER WAS BURNT OUT.

Continued from opposite page.

There is no doubt that the servants were sacrificed and buried *en masse* at the time of the burial of their master. Most of them were young men under twenty-five years of age, but eight of them were young women, and one appears to have been a dwarf, with head and trunk of normal size but with legs and arms bent and malformed and little larger than an eight-year-old child's (Fig. 10). Such dwarfs are commonly featured on the wall reliefs of the Old Kingdom tombs. The superstructure of the tomb, which is now reduced to a height of little more than 6½ feet, originally stood more than 39 feet above ground-level. The exterior of this great

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 9. LOOKING DOWN THE WEST SIDE OF THE GREAT TOMB. ON THE LEFT, THE TOMB ITSELF, WITH THE STEP; NEXT, THE GREEN-PAINTED PASSAGE, THEN THE ENCLOSURE WALL AND (RIGHT-CENTRE) ONE OF THE LINES OF SLAVE BURIALS, OF WHICH THERE ARE IN ALL SIXTY-TWO.

Continued.]

structure, with its elaborate panelling, was faced with mud plaster ½-in. thick, and over this was a gypsum stucco covered with a white lime wash, which formed a background for elaborate decorations in red, green, yellow and other colours. This brightly-coloured façade behind the rows of bulls' heads must have been a most impressive sight, typical of the rising tide of Pharaonic civilisation (Fig. 1). Apart from this, the quality of the objects from the tomb reveals that the standard of culture achieved at this early period of Egyptian history was far higher than had formerly been supposed (Figs. 14-19, 23-25, 28). Considerable study of the inscribed material, particularly the

[Continued below.]



FIG. 10. A "YORICK" OF 5000 YEARS AGO: ONE OF THE SLAVES BURIED WITH THE PHARAOH, WHOSE DWARFED LIMBS SUGGEST THAT HE WAS A ROYAL JESTER.

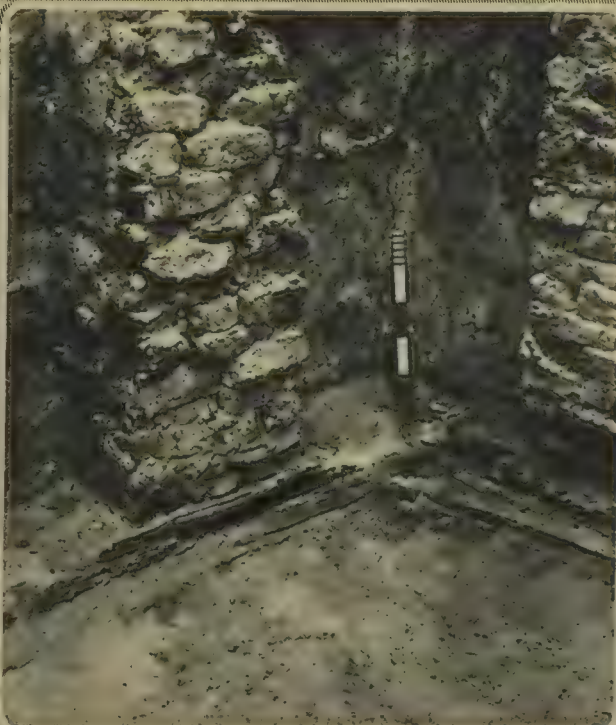


FIG. 11. A DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL BURNT-OUT BURIAL CHAMBER, IN WHICH THE PILASTERS AND RECESSES CAN BE SEEN AND STILL-REMAINING FRAGMENTS OF THE WOODEN FLOOR.



FIG. 12. ANOTHER SLAVE BURIAL, WITH (LEFT) A LARGE WINE-JAR. NONE OF THESE SKELETONS SHOW SIGNS OF VIOLENCE AND PROBABLY ALL WERE POISONED.

Continued.]

jar sealings, must yet be made before any definite identification of the ownership of the tomb can be pronounced; but the balance of evidence certainly points to its being the actual burial-place of King Uadji. All the objects found

will shortly be on exhibition in the Cairo Museum, where they will form a valuable addition to the unique collections of the Archaic period of Egypt's history previously recovered from Abydos, Negadeh, Takhan and Sakkara.

THE GAMES OF THE PHARAOH UADJI, AND HIS STORES FOR THE NEXT WORLD.



FIG. 13. ONE OF THE PLUNDERED MAGAZINES OF THE TOMB, SHOWING THE AMAZINGLY PRESERVED ELEMENTS OF A WOODEN BOX (FIG. 14) AND THE TUNNEL BY WHICH THE THIEF ENTERED 5000 YEARS AGO.



FIG. 14. A BOX FOR GAMING PIECES 5000 YEARS OLD: RE-ASSEMBLED FROM THE ELEMENTS FOUND IN A PLUNDERED MAGAZINE OF THE TOMB (FIG. 13).



FIG. 15. A SET OF IVORY GAMING PIECES FOUND IN ONE OF THE SLAVE BURIALS ROUND THE TOMB. THE BASE BOARD IS MODERN, BUT THE SEPARATION-PIECES ARE ORIGINAL.

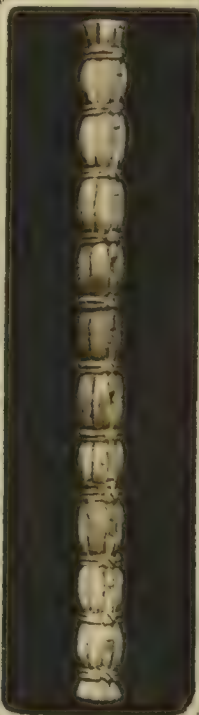


FIG. 16. A BEAUTIFULLY CARVED PIECE OF IVORY REPRESENTING A BUNDLE OF REEDS WITH KNOTTED BINDINGS.

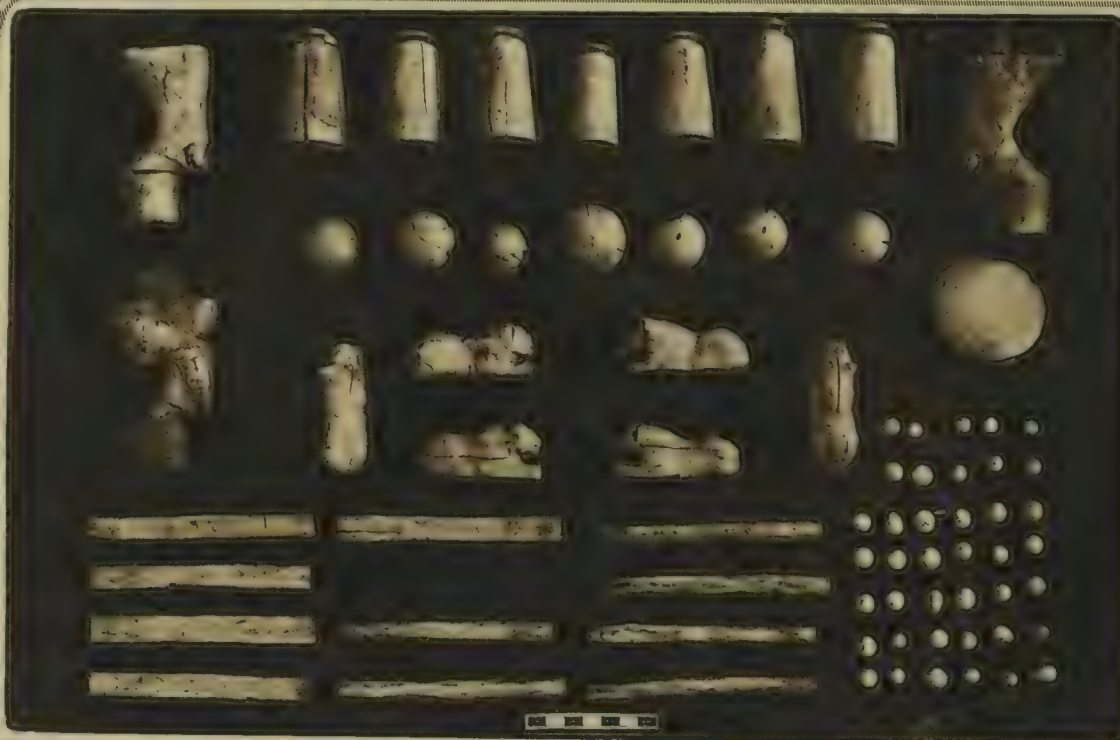


FIG. 17. AN ELABORATE SET OF GAMING PIECES IN IVORY. THE "CASTLES" AND SPHERES (TOP) RESEMBLE THOSE OF FIG. 15. THE LIONS ARE USUALLY ASSOCIATED, BUT THEIR SIGNIFICANCE IS NOT CLEAR. THE STICKS BELOW MAY HAVE SERVED AS DICE. THE SMALL BALLS WERE PROBABLY COUNTERS; AND THE OX-FEET SUPPORTED THE BOARD.

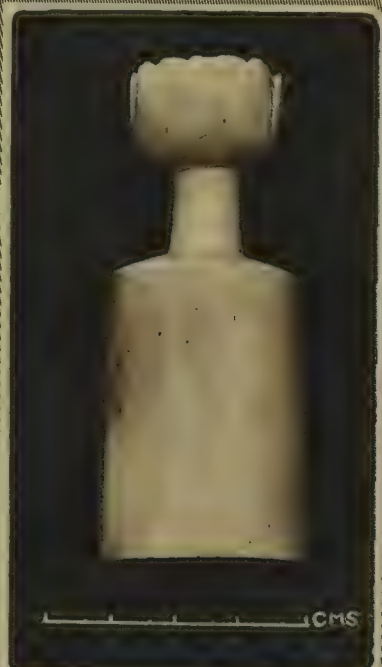


FIG. 18. A SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL GAMING PIECE IN IVORY, THE HEAD CARVED TO REPRESENT A LOTUS-BUD.

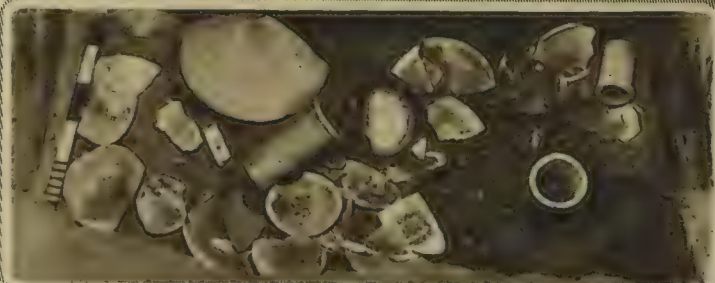


FIG. 19. A NUMBER OF ALABASTER VESSELS FOUND IN ONE OF THE MAGAZINES OF THE TOMB. THE DAMAGE WAS CAUSED BY THE COLLAPSE OF THE ROOF FROM FIRE.



FIG. 20. IN ONE OF THE MAGAZINES: (LEFT) TWO COPPER VESSELS, PROBABLY USED FOR COOKING; A POTTERY VESSEL AND BONES FROM JOINTS OF BEEF.



FIG. 21. AN INTACT MAGAZINE WITH STORES FOR THE DEAD PHARAOH. THE SEALED JARS CONTAIN BAKED BREAD, THE BONES ARE THOSE OF LARGE CUTS OF BEEF.

As has appeared from Professor Emery's article on the preceding pages, it is almost certain that the tomb which he has been excavating earlier this year in the Archaic Cemetery at North Sakkara, in Egypt, is indeed the tomb of the Pharaoh Uadji, one of the earliest of the Egyptian kings of the First Dynasty. To the general reader, the tomb and the objects found in and around it will no

doubt seem unspectacular compared with the tomb of Tutankhamun; but it should be remembered that the Egypt of Uadji was as remote in time from the Egypt of Tutankhamun as the Londinium of Honorius (the last of the Roman Emperors to rule Britain) is from the London of to-day. Also this latest addition to the known Royal tombs of Egypt was particularly subjected to the attention of

(Continued opposite.)

MIRACLES OF PRESERVATION: LEATHER, WOOD, WICKER OF 5000 YEARS AGO.



FIG. 22. THE NAME OF THE PHARAOH UADJI, REPEATED BY MEANS OF A CYLINDER SEAL ON THE SEALING OF A WINE JAR. OVER FIFTY VARIANTS OF THIS SEALING WERE FOUND.



FIG. 23. A NUMBER OF IVORY COSMETIC STICKS OF GREAT DELICACY FOUND IN THE TOMB: SOME END IN A MULTIPLE SPIRAL, OTHERS IN A STYLISED FEATHER.



FIG. 24. A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF THE WONDERFUL PRESERVATIVE QUALITIES OF SAKKARA GRAVES: LEATHER SOLES OF SANDALS, ABOUT 5000 YEARS OLD.



FIG. 25. ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF REMARKABLY-PRESERVED LEATHER: PART OF A QUIVER, PAINTED IN BLUE AND YELLOW. THE PAINT IS FRAGILE, BUT NOT THE LEATHER.

Continued.
the tomb-robbers. Within a very few years of the burial, the burial chamber was despoiled and set on fire by the robbers (Fig. 8); and although within a hundred years that chamber was restored by a later Pharaoh (Ka-a) of the same Dynasty, even the restored chamber was broken into, as can be seen in Fig. 7. From the very earliest years the tomb-robbers of Egypt appear to have been a skilled, resolute and ruthless "guild."

This tomb is, however, of the very greatest interest in the light it throws on the Dynastic Race, the rulers of Egypt in the Fourth Millennium B.C. and the founders of the Pharaonic civilisation. Concerning the enigma of this civilisation—one of the greatest wonders of the world—Professor Emery has elsewhere posed the query: "Was [it] the outcome of a sudden step forward in the pre-dynastic cultures of the indigenes, or was it due to a different race whose arrival changed the whole cultural trend of the Nile Valley some 5000 years ago?" And it is most likely in the tombs of Sakkara that the answer is to be found.

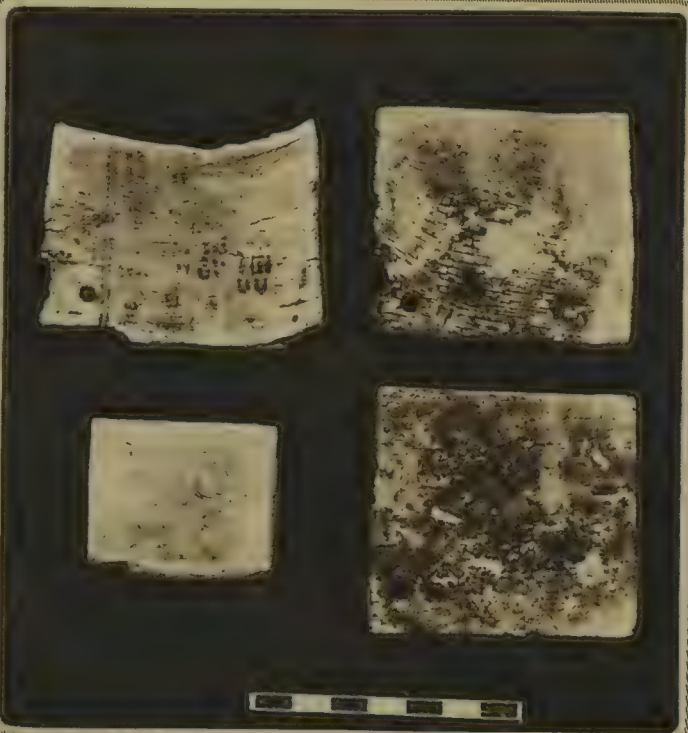


FIG. 26. PAINTED WOODEN LABELS, COMPARABLE WITH THE IVORY EXAMPLE SHOWN IN FIG. 6. ORIGINALLY ATTACHED TO OBJECTS IN THE MAGAZINES AND GIVING THEIR NAMES AND CONTENTS.



FIG. 27. AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF MARVELLOUS PRESERVATION: REED BASKETS, WOVEN 5000 YEARS AGO AND STILL CONTAINING THE CEREAL WITH WHICH THEY WERE FILLED TO STOCK THE MAGAZINES OF THE TOMB.



FIG. 28. A WELL-PRESERVED AND FINELY-CARVED FRAGMENT OF A PIECE OF FURNITURE FOUND IN THE TOMB. SEVERAL SIMILAR FRAGMENTS WERE FOUND. IT APPEARS TO REPEAT THE WOVEN-REED MOTIF FOUND IN A NUMBER OF CARVINGS.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ROUGHLY, there are two classes of "domestic" novel: the tales of innocence and of experience. In other words, the cosy and the devastating. These last, if not more popular, are now much higher in repute; so it is no surprise to find three instances together. Each is discomfiting on its own ground, and one has almost its own language.

Indeed "The Present and the Past," by Ivy Compton-Burnett (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), seems to belong more naturally to a different group: the group of Compton-Burnett novels. These go with nothing but themselves, and in each other's company they lose distinction, like a flock of sheep. But still, they are domestic novels of experience; in fact, they head the list, they stick most fiercely to the theme—and in their limited and bloodless course, explode not just the family but human nature. Here we have the expected set-up: a country house, like some Victorian limbo, a precipitating change, and endless chat by the three orders of inhabitant—grown-ups, children and servants. Bullying is the mortal sin; therefore, since all authority is in a measure bullying, the children are a victim-caste, while the arch-rogue, the grit in all the passages of life, is more than liable to be a parent. In this book, Cassius Clare. Though there is not much harm in Cassius; he only wants to be loved, prized, and generally buttered up. Unluckily, he has twice married a superior woman. Catherine stood him for five years, and then rejoiced to be let go, at the expense of parting with her little sons. And after years of her debunking eye, Cassius equally rejoiced. Now Flavia has gone wrong too; she does her best, treating the children all alike and trying not to see through her husband, but she won't flatter him, and can't accept him on his merits. So he has moods, of course, and these are hard luck on the children.

The precipitating change is the return of Catherine, to see her boys; it is a breach of contract, but she must. Cassius makes a great to-do, but he is really thrilled, and talks self-consciously of a harem. Instead of which, the two wives form a hostile camp; he is ignored by both, and goaded on to an ironic masterpiece of self-assertion. The talk, with its unreal and elemental brilliance, is the same again; but there are also moments of relief. Cassius has not quite got the idiom. Toby, aged three, is too young to be crushed, perhaps uncrushable by nature, and a spring of comedy. And though at seven and eight, Megan and Henry are maturely wise, deep in the tears of things, their pure and melancholy dicta have a classic charm.

OTHER FICTION.

Again, in "Happy for the Child," by Robin Jenkins (John Lehmann; 12s. 6d.), the hero is precociously intelligent. And he is born to suffer; but not, like Henry, from the awful truth, not like poor Megan from compassion. John Stirling's agonies are moral defects: they are a function of his spinelessness. He is a poor boy from a Scottish village, and he has won a bursary at Muirton. There he will be among the toffs; and he is almost dead with fear, because he can't have the "right" clothes, he can't have pocket-money—and, worst of all, it may leak out that Stirling's mother is a char-woman. For him, that is the awful truth. And yet he is intelligent enough to know the answers: that it is no disgrace, that he has only not to mind, that hardly anyone would jeer. He even has an object-lesson in young Robert Tull, almost in rags, yet merry, popular and shameless. But it doesn't help; he goes on agonising, glooming or storming at his mother. And yet he loves her; but the desire to take it out on her is strongest.

This would be very little of a theme but for the two contrasting portraits: those of Sam Gourlay, the bad boy of the village, and his companion, Charlie Dean. Sam is a dunce, a pariah; he has the worst of homes; he is the enemy of all the world, a kind of hero-monster, crazily brave—and puzzled, and pathetically lonely. Therefore he clings to Charlie Dean. Charlie, the well-dressed, affluent young Charlie, is his only friend. And Charlie haunts him like a Mephistopheles, egging him on, gloating over his sins, his miseries, his dereliction. Sam is the striking figure of the book; his end, or, rather, the beginning of the end, has an astounding pathos, even a kind of poetry. The Stirlings, though more commonplace, are sharply real. It is a vivid, memorable piece of work—ghastly at times, but too imaginative to be lowering.

"The Stranger Beside Me," by Mabel Seeley (Frederick Muller; 12s. 6d.), is about marriage and neurotic conflict; and I may add, it is American. Carl Reiss has never wished to marry; by choice, he is aloof, untouchable and self-contained. He wants, with passion, to become a "top executive" at his department store; and he wants nothing else. Why just that store and that especial target, he has no idea. But really Salloway, who hired him, is a father-image. Carl failed in masculine ambition when he was six years old: since when, his lusty father has become an enemy, but also a repressed ideal. Strength is his lodestar, and it is Christine's strength, her quiet competence, that he is forced to love. That, and the birthmark on her neck. She is aloof, like him; she won't encroach, or try, abominably, to seduce him.

But Christine's birthmark is external. She was self-enclosed because she thought herself unlovable; now she is free. And she becomes the pillar of the house, while Carl toils on like a demented spider, climbing and slipping back, and feigning haughty ignorance of her achievement. Not a well-written story; but it is well got up, and intermittently dramatic.

"The Cuckoo Line Affair," by Andrew Garve (Collins; 9s. 6d.), opens delightfully with an old gentleman, a magistrate and ex-M.P., surrounded in his Essex home by teasing and devoted children. His younger son is just going to be married, and there is not a cloud on the horizon. Then he goes up to London for the day; and on the ancient "Cuckoo Line," on the way back, a young, well-spoken girl charges him with assault. She has two independent witnesses, and though the legal worst does not ensue, Edward becomes a pariah. Then she is found dead on the saltings—and he is charged with murder. It seems he is not even mad. . . . But there his sons revolt; if he is sane, then the whole business is a frame-up. Which they set out to prove, in a most lively tale with a dramatic ending. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

I HAVE no idea who Mr. Doré Ogrizek may be, but he has succeeded in producing in "Spain and Portugal," in The World in Colour Series (McGraw-Hill; 30s.), one of the most attractive books on the Iberian Peninsula which I have yet encountered. It is not merely the excellent text, but the charming wash drawings and paintings which appear on each page, which render it remarkable. Indeed, Mr. Ogrizek has succeeded in giving in a small room a very fair impression of the almost inexhaustible treasures of Spanish art.

Mr. Ogrizek, writing of Spanish art, says: "But in the shrine of Spanish art, there is also the smell of burnt rock from El Greco's Toledo, a faint aroma of incense, sulphur and sweat rising from Goya's procession of flagellants, and a hint of a park after rain in Velasquez's rendering." Mr. Ogrizek has a sensitive reaction to the curious attraction which is Spain's, so that his feeling for its long history of harsh sacrifice and grandeur marches hand-in-hand with his appreciation of the artistic treasures which he has so ably selected. He is equally at home in describing the art life of Spain, now, as he says, "evaluating her riches and attempting to rediscover in peace the reflection of her national genius" as in his picture of the country, region by diverse region. His chapter on bull-fighting, whatever one's views on that subject may be, is clearly informative in a short compass. The differences between the Spanish and Portuguese cannot be better summed up than in their differing forms of bull-fighting: No bull can ever be fought twice, as it is learning every second that it is in the ring. In Spain it has only one fate—to be dragged out dead by a team of mules. In Portugal, unweakened by loss of blood, it is getting fresher and fuller of fight every minute, so that I have seen Spanish and Mexican matadores sweating with apprehension at the prospect of having to face an unweakened and ever more cunning bull. At the end of the Portuguese fight, the question is: "How to get the bull out of the arena?" Oxen are driven in, and the bull, seeing them, says: "Ah, friends at last," and is driven out with them, with clowns vaulting over his back and happily twisting his tail. For me, as I say, this represents the essential difference between the Spanish and Portuguese characters. The one harsh and uncompromising, the other amiable and soft. The one wringing admiration and liking, and the other creating affection. Under the inspired and austere leadership of Salazar, Portugal has made in a generation the transition from one of the most corrupt, turbulent and ill-governed, to one of the best-governed, happiest countries in the world. The section of the book dealing with Portugal is naturally smaller than that devoted to Spain, but is none the less satisfying—evoking, for those who know Portugal, the charming tints of colour-washed buildings, dazzling white church towers, and the ruins of castles which were strongholds when a tiny handful of Portuguese set out to discover five-sixths of the known world. I have only one criticism to make. I imagine that Mr. Ogrizek is now an American citizen, otherwise I cannot think that in the various mentions which he makes of the great Battle of Aljubarrota, which gave Portugal her first independence, when "6000 Portuguese routed 30,000 Castilians," he would have omitted to point out that this victory was largely due to John of Gaunt's archers—the veterans of Crécy and Poitiers.

This is a point which would appeal to that lover of England, Sir Philip Gibbs, author of "The New Elizabethans" (Hutchinson; 15s.). Apart from the somewhat jejune remarks about the Welfare State (Sir Philip says: "Well, I cannot say I shed tears over the downfall of the landed classes and the old nobility—not my crowd . . ."), the veteran journalist shows that he has by no means lost his touch as a first-class reporter. You cannot have turned out best-sellers for more years than I care to remember without having the art at your finger-tips, and his brilliant capacity for presenting the contemporary scene, with the essential propagandist's art of arguing from the particular to the general, is one which I would recommend all young journalists to study. Sir Philip is on his favourite theme—the underlying greatness of England, which is one with which few of us who feel like him will quarrel. And if from times to time he waxes sentimental, it must be remembered that the English, like their Germanic forbears, are a sentimental race. Whether he is dealing with the young "knights of the air," or with policemen training at Hendon, or with more humdrum subjects, such as the Fire Service, he is never ashamed to show that sensibility of which the original Elizabethans, like Lord Lundy in Mr. Belloc's poem, were by no means ashamed. Barrie beta minus? Yes. But good healthy Coronation stuff, none the less.

"When the fading edges of China disappeared, and only the sea was left spilling over the horizon . . . I left roots behind; and not all the pulling in the world will ever drag them clean away." It is from this that

Mr. Bernard Llewellyn's attractive book "I Left My Roots in China" (Allen and Unwin; 16s.), takes its title. It is a book about China during the war and immediately after, by someone who knows how to write and possesses the precious gift of sympathy. It is a notable addition to the library of fascinating books on that great country, of which I have always found those of Signor Daniele Varé the most attractive.

This time of the year brings the cuckoo. It also brings "Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack" (12s. 6d.). It is as impossible to review an institution as Burke found it impossible to frame an indictment against a whole nation. Suffice it that, as edited by Mr. Norman Preston, cricketing fans will find it as satisfying and invaluable as ever.

Another institution is Debrett's "Peerage, Baronage, Knighthood and Companionship" (Odhams; 8 gns.). In recent years, under the editorship of Mr. Hankinson, Debrett has been changing its character from being a mere (if invaluable) book of reference (or, as somebody unkindly said, "snob's Bible") to becoming a mine of witty and curious information on genealogical matters. This Coronation issue is therefore packed with good things. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHEN the last round of the Bognor Premier Tournament commenced, W. Winter and I were leading with 4½ points each. Harold Golombek was third with 4, W. Heidenfeld, of South Africa, had scored 3½, R. G. Wade, British champion, 3.

Winter drew a Sicilian against Dr. List and eventually drew, making his final points tally 5. Here is the infuriating game during which I first had undisputed first prize in my grasp, then divided first prize but finally relegated myself (or was relegated!) to third place:

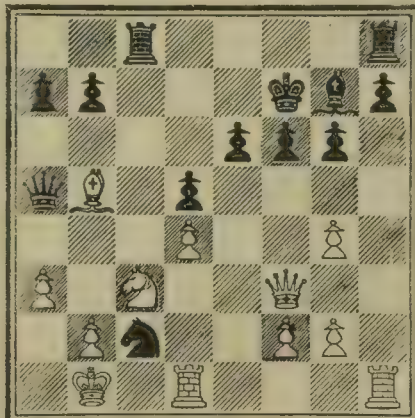
White	Black	White	Black
H. GOLOMBEK	B. H. WOOD	H. GOLOMBEK	B. H. WOOD
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	2. Kt-KB3	P-KK4

White's next move offends the accepted canon that, after 1. P-Q4, Kt-QB3 is best preceded by P-QB4, but is a sound developing move.

3. Kt-B3	P-Q4	8. RP×Kt	B-K5
4. B-B4	B-K2	9. P-K4	P-B3
5. P-K3	Kt-R4	10. Q-Q2	Q-R4
6. B-K5	P-KB3	11. P×P	P×P
7. B-Kt3	Kt×B	12. B-Kt5ch	K-B2

If 12. . . Kt-B3? 13. Kt×P, Q×B? 14. Kt-B7ch, etc. 12. . . Kt-Q2 or 12. . . B-Q2 would lose by a similar process; but now, if 13. Kt×P, Q×B; 14. Kt-B7, Q-Q2; 15. Kt×R, Kt-B3, winning the trapped knight and finishing somewhat to the good.

13. Q-B4	B×Kt	16. Castles (Q)	QR-B1
14. Q×B	P-K3	17. K-Kt1	Kt-Kt5
15. P-KK4	Kt-B3	18. P-QR3	Kt×P!



A perfectly sound sacrifice. If now 19. B-Q7, I play 19. . . Kt×Pch, and if 20. P×Kt, R×Kt, after which 21. B×Pch, K×B; 22. KR-Krch, K-B2 would merely throw good money after bad.

19. K×Kt	Q×B	21. K×Q	R-B3
20. Q-Q3	Q×Qch	22. R-QB1	P-KR4

White's position reveals resources as unexpected, I'm sure, to him as to me. The natural move is 22. . . P-KR3, after which the extra pawn should tell. White, however, could then become a nuisance by 23. Kt-Kt5—e.g., 23. . . P-QR3; 24. R×R, P×R; 25. Kt-R7 regaining the pawn.

23. P×P	R×P	27. R-Kt3ch	K-B2
24. R×R	P×R	28. R-R3	K-Kt3
25. R-KR1	K-Kt3	29. R-Kt3ch	K-R3?
26. R-R3	P-R3		

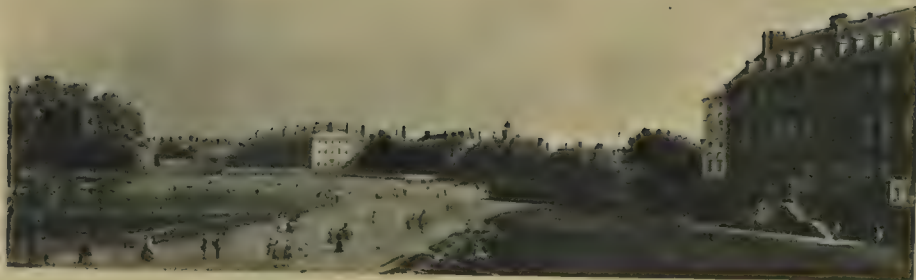
29. . . K-B2 would, of course, have drawn but who, as Black, would run for a draw here?

30. R-R3	P-B4	32. Kt-B4	P-R5
31. Kt-K2	B-B3		

Envisaging only 33. P-KKt3, which I could answer by 33. . . B-Kt4; and completely overlooking White's reply, which is not only crushing in itself but most efficiently followed up.

33. R-K3	P-K4	38. Kt×P	K-Kt2
34. P×P	B-Kt4	39. P-B4	K-B2
35. P-K6!	R-B1	40. R-QKt6	B×BP
36. P-K7	R-K1	41. Kt×B	R×P
37. R-K6ch	K-R2	42. R-R6	Resigns

VENETIAN MASTERPIECES FROM ENGLISH COLLECTIONS: NOW ON VIEW.



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"WARWICK CASTLE"; BY ANTONIO CANAL, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768), ONE OF A PAIR PAINTED AT WARWICK CASTLE, WHERE THEY HAVE REMAINED EVER SINCE. (Canvas; 29 by 48 ins.)



"THE MUSIC PARTY"; BY GIORGIONE (1478-1510), A CELEBRATED WORK LENT FOR EXHIBITION BY THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE. (Canvas; transferred from panel, 47 by 40 ins.)



"THE ASTRONOMER"; BY GIOVANNI BATTISTA TIEPOLO (1696-1769). IN COMMON WITH THE OTHER WORKS REPRODUCED, LENT FOR EXHIBITION AT AGNEW'S. (Canvas; 24½ by 33½ ins.)



"AGOSTINO BARBARIGO, DOGE OF VENICE"; BY GENTILE BELLINI (1426/9-1507), AN EXAMPLE OF A FINE CEREMONIAL PORTRAIT BY THIS ARTIST. (Panel; 25 by 19½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"; BY PAOLO CALIARI, CALLED VERONESE (1528-1588). THE BOOK WHICH THE SITTER HOLDS IS A BOOK OF HOURS OPEN AT COMPLINE. (Canvas; 33½ by 29½ ins.)




"MADONNA AND CHILD"; BY JACOPO BELLINI (c. 1427-1470), FATHER OF TWO MORE CELEBRATED SONS, GIOVANNI AND GENTILE BELLINI. (Panel; 28 by 20 ins.)

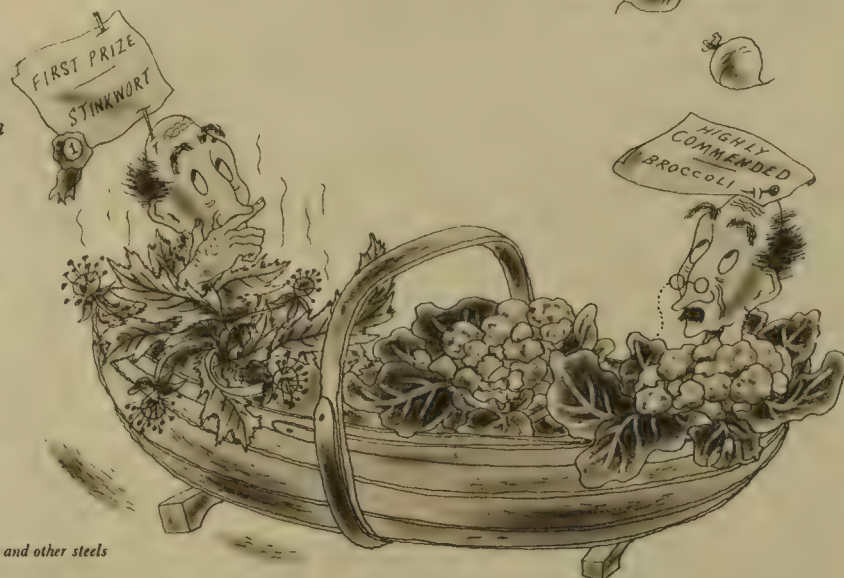
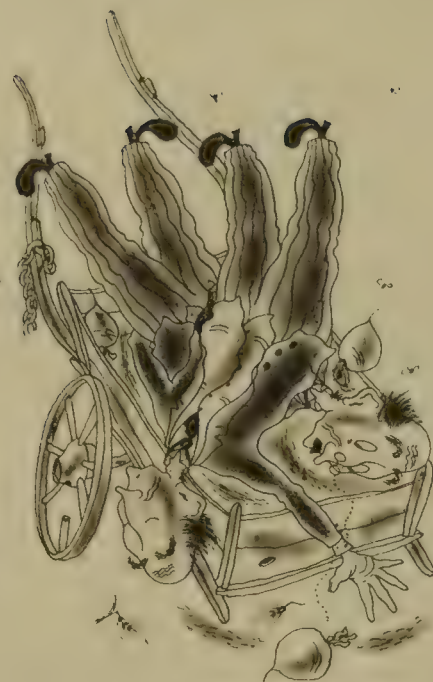
A Coronation Exhibition of "Thirty-five Masterpieces of Venetian Painting" from private collections, in aid of the King George VI. Memorial Fund, has been arranged by Messrs. Thos. Agnew at their Old Bond Street Galleries; and was due to open on May 20, admission 2s., catalogue price 1s. 6d. Among those who have generously lent paintings for exhibition are the Marquess of Lansdowne, whose celebrated Giorgione we reproduce, the Earl of Warwick, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Malmesbury, the Trustees of the Barber Institute,

and others. The painting of the Old Horse Guards by Canaletto is most certainly the picture advertised on July 26, 1749, as "A View of St. James' Park" to be exhibited to the public for fifteen days at Canaletto's lodging at "Mr. Wiggan, Cabinet-maker, in Silver Street, Golden Square." Gentile Bellini painted two portraits of Agostino Barbarigo, for in letters of 1493 to Francesco Gonzaga from his representatives in Venice, mention is made of a portrait of this Doge by Bellini and to another made by his order to be sent to Gonzaga.



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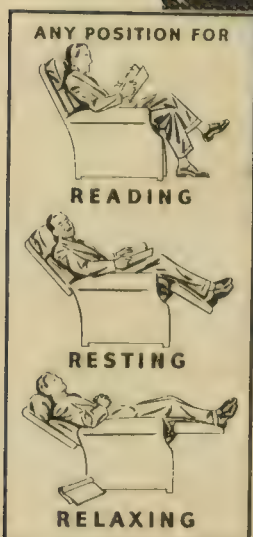
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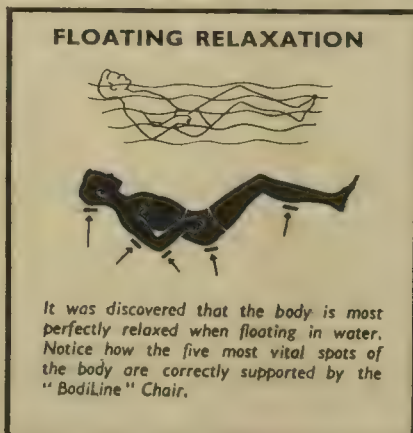


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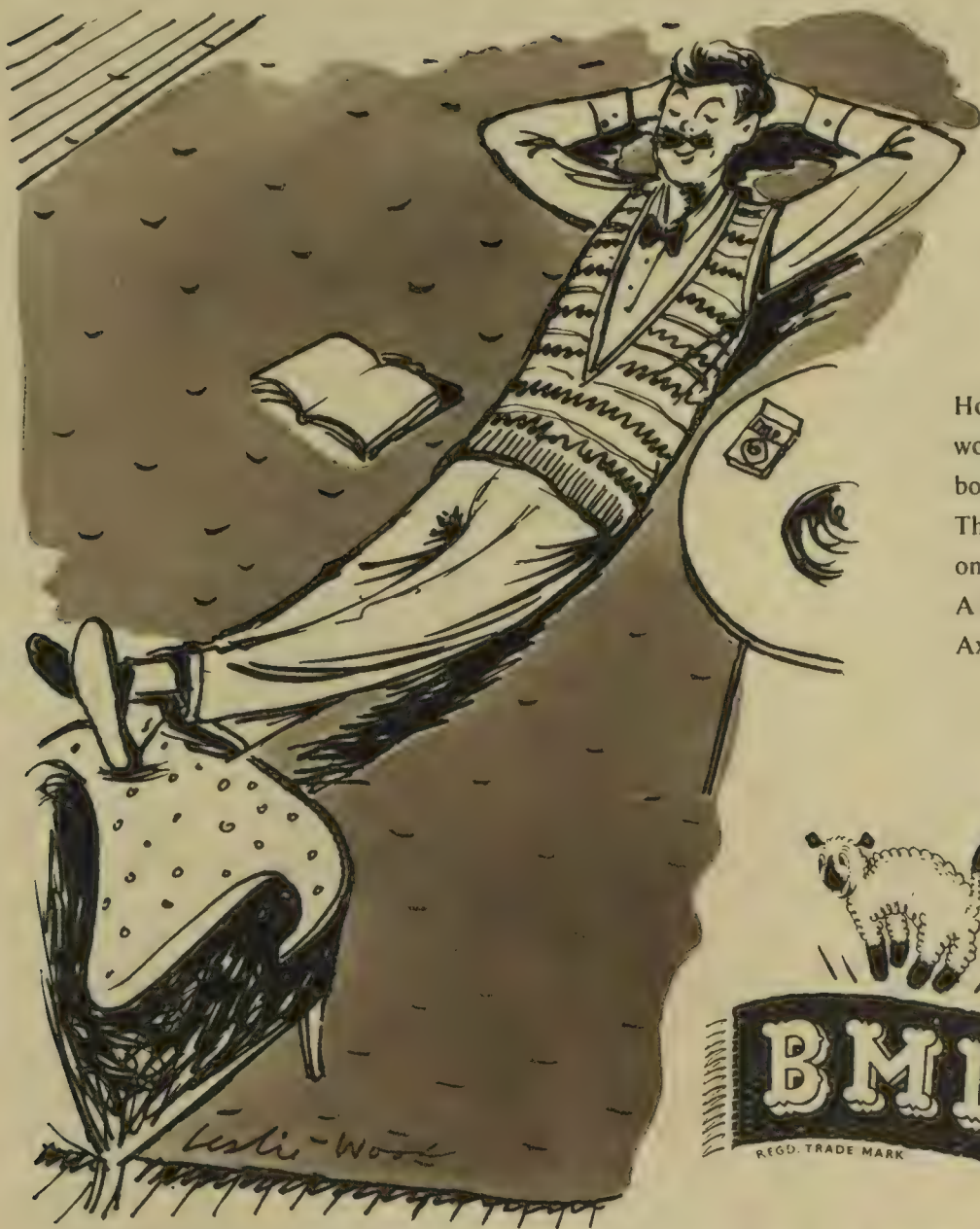
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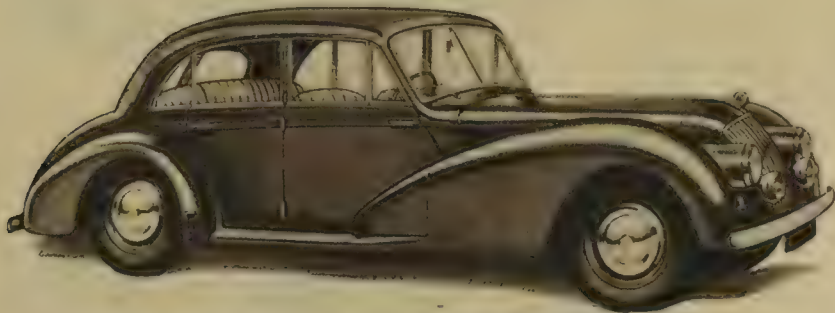
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- Exhibition of works by Lorenzo Lotto
(June 14th - October 18th)
- National Competition of Venetian Popular Songs
(June 19th - 20th)
- Open Air Opera Season (July)
- Symphony Concerts in the Ducal Palace (July)
- Exhibition of French Tapestries in the Palazzo Grassi
(July 12th - September 20th)
- XIVth International Film Festival
(August 20th - September 4th)
- XVIth International Festival of Contemporary Music
(September 6th - 17th)
- XIVth International Theatre Festival
(September 19th - October 7th)

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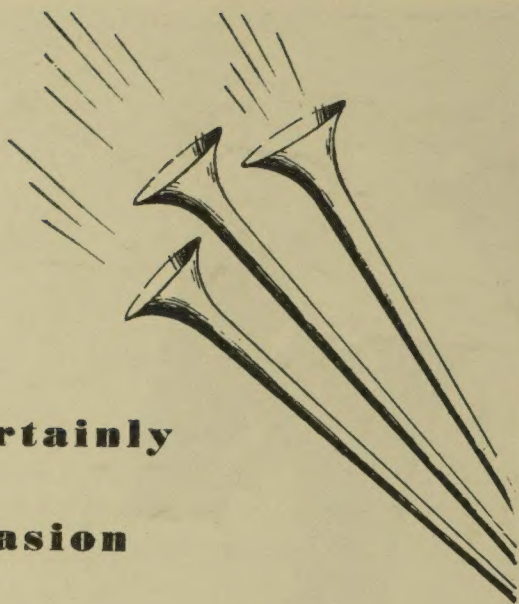


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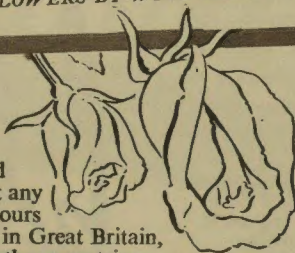
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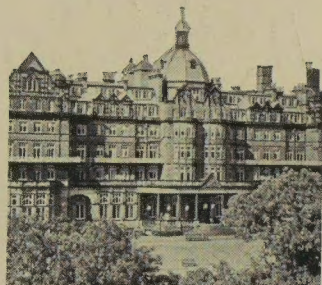
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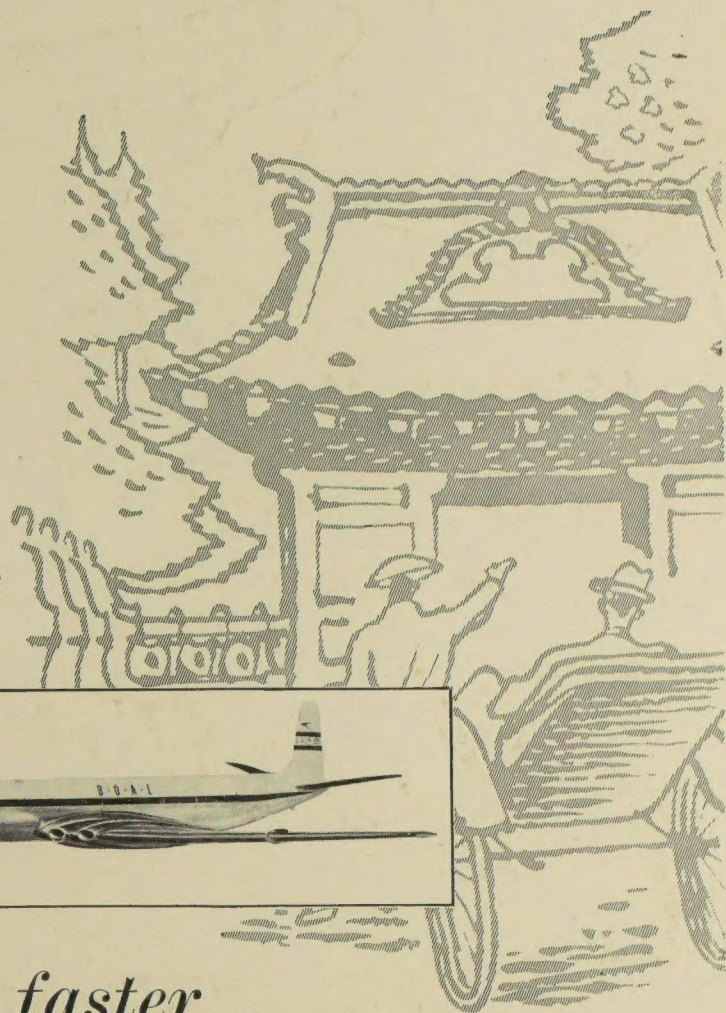
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